

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE



No. 1231.
Vol. XLVII.

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FREE.—Send the coupon in the CATESBY CORK LINO advt. on page 14 for free coloured book of designs, sample prices, terms, etc.

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DO not overlook the FULLTONE GRAMOPHONES advt. on this page. A free Catalogue is offered. Other Gramophone offers are made by GRAVES (page 29) and CRANE (page 32).

HOWLING CAT'S TAIL: ROARS OF LAUGHTER! 1/3, 12 & 1 (NOVELTY) NOTES, 1/3—WRITE, "CHEQUES," 212, KING STREET, HAMMERSMITH.

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READERS' attention is drawn to the AMBROSE WILSON offer on page 20.

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EVERY reader of John Bull should read the "YADIL BOOK OF HOME TREATMENT" offered post free. See advt. on page 27.

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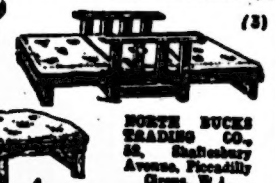
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PAROLEUM



MARCH 17

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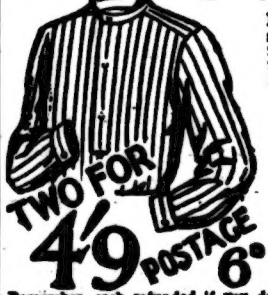
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MARCH 17



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I thank my doctor for recommend-
ing them! He knows, and I know,
that they don't harm the throat"



Craven "A"

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TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING. CARRERAS LTD. 142 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY.



JOHN BULL

For the People—

—the Right to Justice and Truth



you see it in "John Bull," it is so

Derby Sweepstake Again: New Units Plan

Bankers in Camera Hiding a Defaulter

It has been touch-and-go until this week—a curious consequence of recent happenings in the City—whether the public would be enabled to participate, even to the smallest extent, in this year's Stock Exchange Derby Sweepstake. The subscription in 1929, when £100,000 was paid in prizes and £20,000 gifted to charities, made the sweepstake by far the largest one in the world. We can announce that, notwithstanding new difficulties and interference, it will be held again, but on a wholly different basis.

The outline of the new scheme is that there will no longer be £1 bearer shares, the tickets for which were sold between stockbrokers and their clients and subsequently among the public.

Coupon-receipts will be issued to the 100 members of the Stock Exchange £10 or £100 units only, and a register of the allocations will be kept.

A stockbroker may enter into private arrangements with friends or clients to share with him in the purchase of a unit, but his name alone will be registered.

This will certainly reduce the value of the sweepstake, but it will effectively prevent the wholesale traffic in forged tickets which took place last year.

Blocked!

There will be a "traffic jam" when Parliament meets.

The Government has already decided to introduce a Bill to ratify the Washington Forty-eight Hour Week Convention, a Factory Bill, a Bill to take out some of the injustices of the trade union law, a Slum Clearance Bill, and a Consumers' Council Bill.

In addition to these, there will be a Budget—to be introduced in April—and the Road Traffic Bill, which in course will be coming down from the Lords, while the most difficult stage of the Coal Mines Bill has yet to be passed through both Houses.

Let the Government will not drop it unless driven to it by the obstruction of the other Parties.

How we pay.

While Mr. Tom Shaw, the Secretary of War, has hit on a number of useful economies in framing the Army Estimates for the coming year, there is a factor that is going to neutralise them to a certain extent.

So long as the Army of Occupation is maintained on the Rhine, its upkeep was paid by the German taxpayer.

Now we shall have to pay. The Estimates will also provide for a further distinct advance in the reorganisation of the Army.

Workers' stadium

Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Dockers' K.C., at the head of a scheme for inaugurating a British Workers' Sports Movement, on the lines of those now existing in Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia and other Continental countries.

He is presiding next week at a meeting in London, to which all the Labour

and trade union organisations with sports sections are being invited.

One of the projects is a great Workers' Sports Ground, in London, for national and, later, international events.

Let it drop

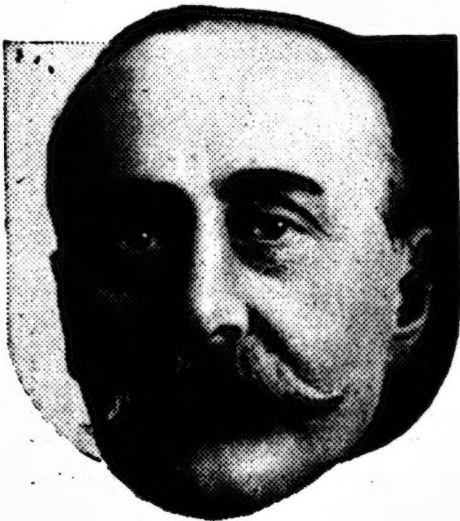
It is good to know that Lord Beatty has refused offer after offer for a book on the battle of Jutland.

After all, the admiral's Service is known as the silent Navy. Besides, we don't want any more arguments about war-tactics at the moment.

The way to victory

Mr. MacDonald's recent conversations with industrialists and economists of various Parties foreshadow the establishment of an Imperial Industrial Committee.

This, in the present emergency, will



"Commands the respect of industrialists"

parallel the Imperial Defence Committee which co-ordinated the national effort for victory during the war.

Lord Noble—he was Sir William before the New Year's honours list—was President of the Chamber of Shipping. He is the likeliest chairman of this committee.

If the other committeemen have anything like Lord Noble's command to the respect of industrialists of all Parties, trade in 1930 should reach the healthy normal.

What next?

Coalfields distress is almost as acute as ever, and of the £1,750,000 collected from the public and subscribed by the Government to the Distress Fund, about £1,500,000 has already been spent.

Of the remainder, £50,000 is earmarked for playing-fields, allotments and summer camps and the assistance of emigration. It looks as if the whole of the money will be spent before the winter has passed.

What is to happen to the hungry and ill-clad when there is no more money?

"Yard" re-shuffle

Scotland Yard is again a centre of excitement, and we predict that the next few weeks will see the retirement of several officers of high rank who are now either serving at the "Yard" itself or in high positions in London police divisions.

We long ago hinted that ability would be placed before length of service, and that youth would be no bar.

The new plan is that C.I.D. officers shall not be compelled to remain for years in one division, with little chance of promotion.

Further, by remaining in one division they are too easily recognised by criminals.

Take a rest?

One of the most remarkable suggestions which has been put forward in all seriousness is that Mr. Baldwin should take a long "vacation" and leave Lord Birkenhead as temporary leader of the Party, with Worthington-Evans as his lieutenant in the Commons.

But would "F. E." consent to exchange his present activities for such a thankless job?

Also, would Winston be content to lead by kind permission of "Worthy"?

Hoover's nominee

One of the greatest shipping sensations has been the appointment of John R. Gordon as head of the United States Shipping Board, with a free hand to clear up the mess involved by the retention of hundreds of laid-up ships.

J. R. Gordon was Lloyd's man in the U.S.A. During the war he was appointed by Mr. Hoover to take over the control in London of shipping arrangements for troops, provisions and general registration of movements.

Now Mr. Hoover is President, it is natural he should seek John Gordon for the job of clearing up the mess.

Making hay

The big fees asked by certain Labour M.P.s for speaking at local meetings are arousing considerable feeling among the Party branches throughout the country.

Complaints have been made in particular about one of the newer women Members, who, it is alleged, is charging ten guineas a time for several meetings every week.

It has long been the recognised practice for Labour Members to charge either their expenses or else a fee of a guinea or two. But ten guineas is too much for small local branches.

Shielding a rogue

Expect news of another financial scandal before long.

This concerns the secretary of a well-known industrial and financial leader, who, after gambling heavily on the Stock Exchange with his chief's and other people's money, has disappeared.

The industrial leader is not too anxious to prosecute and let the world know to what extent he trusted the defaulter.

Prominent London stockbrokers who have lost money are not so generously disposed and are pressing for legal action. An eminent firm of chartered accountants is now examining the position.

Theory—and deeds

It would be interesting to hear some of the secret evidence which is being submitted to the Committee on Banking and Industry, of which the chairman is Mr. H. P. Macmillan, K.C.

According to Mr. Churchill and others, the Treasury experts hold that unemployment cannot be mitigated by spending money on development or relief works.

They believe that such works merely draw off money which would in the ordinary way go to industrial development.

This curious theory ought to be dragged out into the light of day and thoroughly examined. It sounds rather pernicious.

America is undertaking development works to meet trade depression involving £940,000,000.

He is the chairman

Counter-punch

Leaders of the Sheffield steel industry have now combined to form a new information and propaganda bureau, designed to tell the world, and foreign buyers in particular, the real progress the British steel industry is making.

This is a welcome development. It is high time the persistent American and Continental propaganda in foreign markets against British goods was countered.

We hope other industries will follow Sheffield's example.

"Jix" mixed

Most of us, even those who disagree most violently with his opinions, have a warm corner in our hearts for Lord Brentford. But, if only he would think more often before opening his mouth, his reputation for common-sense would benefit.

His recent strictures on the condition of Egypt have done an immense amount of harm, chiefly because they accepted as facts what even the most stubbornly English residents of Cairo and Alexandria knew to be the merest moonshine.

When a British lorry-driver, alleged to have been the victim of a desert attack, turns out merely to have been startled by a back-fire, it is not the business of an English peer to help the nonsense on its way.



"IF YOU

The great water-way

The Grand Union Canal Company is to be congratulated for having responded so promptly to the invitation of the Minister of Transport to canal undertakings to submit proposals under the Development Act.

The result is that 240 miles of water-ways will be constructed at a cost of £400,000.

The day may come when goods loaded into canal-boats in Birmingham may be borne by water to Paris and beyond.

Living memorial

The name of Her Majesty the Queen appears on the latest list of subscribers to the funds of the Margaret MacDonald Baby Clinic, which was founded to the memory of the Prime Minister's late wife.

The Prime Minister himself and his daughter Ishbel both serve on the Management Committee of the clinic, which deals with some thousands of cases of invalid children every year in a working-class London district.

There could be no finer kind of memorial.

Nobody's job

The present recurrence of smallpox and the general ill-health is only partly seasonal. Much that could be prevented is due to defective houses.

The fault lies with those medical officers and their inspectors who tolerate unhealthy conditions until these are forced on their notice. Health Committees also are slow to force landlords to make necessary repairs.

Ratepayers must prod their councillors.

Vindicated

We welcome the common-sense report of the committee which investigated the accusation levelled at the crew of the Appledore lifeboat that it refused to respond to distress signals on December 7.

The evidence showed clearly that the lifeboat put to sea in the teeth of a howling gale, but was forced back by the tempest.

The lifeboat crew cannot be blamed for not inviting certain death. The remedy lies in the provision of larger and more powerful lifeboats, towards which all shipping companies should contribute.

Jobs, not doles

The superior persons who allege that the unemployed include a large proportion of "don't-want-works" should have been present at the Canada Dock, Liverpool, when two thousand men literally fought for places in the unloading gangs for the s.s. *Oropesa*.

So fierce was the competition for jobs that the selecting foremen had to withdraw until things had quietened down.

Strange as it may seem to some of the fortunate ones whose "dole" comes to them in the pleasant form of dividend-warrants, these dockers were scrambling for the mere chance of being allowed to work.

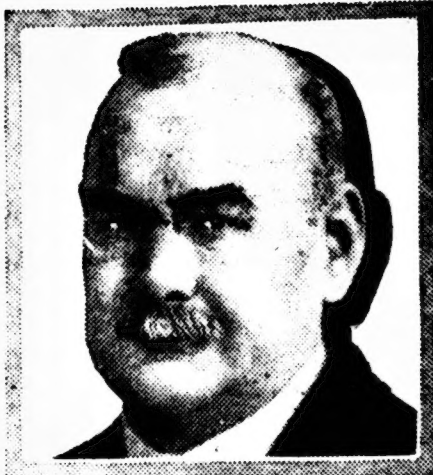
King of bigamists

Behind the illuminating details in the daily papers about a handsome and much-decorated captain who has latterly gone through bigamous marriages with several young women to obtain money from their parents lies a remarkable story.

His real name is John Ainsworth Christien, and he is also known by the aliases of Hugh J. Landon, Bruce Elliot, John Nigel-Scott, J. de Winton-Annesworth and R. Beard.

His amazing career was exclusively exposed in *JOHN BULL* as far back as December, 1927, and January, 1928.

At that time he had five "wives," and the fact that he has since added considerably to this number makes his early arrest a matter of public necessity.



"The War Office is perturbed"; but is Mr. Tom Shaw?

Safe, nevertheless

The War Office is very perturbed about the heavy drop in Territorial Army recruiting.

The decrease in 1927 was thought to be due to the stoppage of the bounty, but the slump has continued, and it is not, apparently, over yet.

There is no doubt at all that the drop is due to the strong sentiment of peace now pervading the country, and we do not think that this is a disturbing sign.

The voluntary system shows above all else the true spirit of a nation—as the war proved.

Parochial pirates

Many local authorities are holding up public works to extort an increase of the Treasury grants-in-aid.

As the Treasury offer may now amount to 75 per cent. of the cost of the scheme, the action of these town councillors is a criminal aggravation of the unemployment problem.

The exploitation of the country's difficulties should not be tolerated. If compulsion is necessary it should be used.

Casual misery

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool (Dr. Downey) was not exaggerating when he described Liverpool's casual labour problem as "a blot on Merseyside."

A representative body of civic and industrial men of Liverpool has agreed to a suggestion by the Ministry of Labour to place a competent official at the town-hall in consultation with the Lord Mayor (Mr. Lawrence Holt).

This is a step that should have been adopted long ago, and not treated as though it was a thing that could wait.

Whole parishes in Liverpool eke out a precarious livelihood by casual labour, and some of the misery and suffering will not bear describing.

The hounding bent

We have received a letter from Mr. W. F. Pugsley, secretary of the Tiverton Stag Hunt, protesting against our comments on a recent staghunt incident at Dulverton.

We accept Mr. Pugsley's assurance that there was no calf with the hind when she was killed.

At the same time he directs our attention to the arguments that have been offered in defence of the "sport"—namely, that the deer have to be killed for the sake of the farmer.

Why not shoot them? We reiterate that the hunting of the deer across country with hounds is as uncivilised as bull-fighting.

SEE IT"—Continued

Surplus shipyards

Something sensational may be expected in the shipbuilding world this year, though Britain is expected not to suffer.

As is well known, shipbuilders are undercutting each other in all the markets of the world. Many of the smaller shipbuilding firms are closing down.

Drastic rationalisation is likely to take place in the near future, and plans are afoot to form an international trade organisation to adjust world supply and demand.

Unenlightened

While an accident case and a childbirth were being attended at Hounslow Hospital, sudden darkness, due to a local electrical failure, caused much dangerous confusion.

There was no excuse for the absence of emergency oil-lamps. The very power-houses to which the hospitals trust for their light always have alternative means of lighting.

The char-man

Now that women challenge men for the rewards of industry in almost every field, there is no longer any reason why the odd-job man should be discriminated against in favour of the maid-of-all-work.

The male-servant tax was framed to raise revenue from wealthy people who employed butlers, footmen and coachmen.

It is manifestly unfair to impose this tax on people of small means who employ a man as general servant instead of a woman.

Independent spirit

Petrol we rely on as the spirit in the machines that hurry along a great part of modern life; but our present dependence on foreign sources is costly in peace and dangerous in war.

France has achieved a large measure of independence with her "Carburant National," composed of home-produced alcohol and benzol. The entire Paris bus service, for instance, is run on this fuel. The French alcohol is produced from sawdust.

From the waste matter of the sisal fibre industry alone Kenya and Tanganyika could produce adequate motor-spirit for all our requirements.

One in six

The Leicestershire County Council recently required six poll-clerks for a local election, and the names of six unemployed men were furnished by the Coalville Employment Exchange as being suitable for the work.

Only one was signed on, the remaining five vacancies being filled by men in regular employment, at double pay.

Couldn't the workless ones have been given a chance?

A real woman

A little girl of nine, walking alone in a South London street, had a terrible experience the other day when a man named Thomas Gallard decoyed her into some public gardens.

Fortunately, a protector chanced to be at hand in the person of a Mrs. Tucker, who went to the child's aid, smacked Gallard's face and gave him in charge.

This is not the first time that this brute has been guilty of such an offence, and he now lies in jail.

Every mother will admire Mrs. Tucker for her courageous action.

Villa of tragedy

"North Washam Villa," Brookside, North Ormesby, has a pleasant sound. Actually it is a hut, measuring 12 ft. by 10 ft., and it is the best accommodation a family of eight could find after endless searching.

So great was the congestion within this tiny "home" that a perambulator had to be pressed into service as a bed

JANUARY 18, 1930

for twin daughters of six, one of whom has just died.

Just another housing tragedy. Only it could be the last!

1930 is young. Will it be allowed to pass without effort on the part of the Government to tackle the housing problem properly?

On the rent rack

Magistrates all over the country are pointing to rents and prices as the causes that bring many prisoners before them.

In a recent larceny charge, the prisoner, married and having children, had managed to live honestly by paying 8s. of his weekly 45s. for an insubstantial place near his work.

On the new estate, having 18s. rent and travelling expenses to pay, he supplemented his income by stealing.

Rents must come down to a reasonable level, and in remote places increased travelling concessions should be made.

Let them go

We hope no false sentiment will prevent the speedy sale to an American purchaser of those "art treasures"

which the Earl of Durham and the Duke of Richmond are putting on the market.

These works are not old enough to have antiquarian value, and as art good judges have always considered them negligible. Whatever value they have is pecuniary.

If Lawrence's "Red Boy" can bring £200,000 into the country the sooner he follows Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" to America the better.



The Duke of Richmond is selling...

Boy" to America the better.

Heaysy comes, Heaysy goes

Mr. Donald T. Heaysman is an old acquaintance of ours. We have met him in many guises: as the London Estates Corporation, the Imperial Investment Co., the Imperial Vaudeville Co., and many other hopeful and hopeless adventures.

His latest outside chance is "Lewisham Opinion," which offers jobs with commencing salaries of £4 to £5 per week in return for an investment of £150.

We have had Mr. Heaysman in jail already. He (and intending investors) had better take note.

Bogus

When are all the stage organisations going to sink their differences and form "Equity," with which the American Equity will be affiliated?

Here the bogus manager has his way. George Leroy, of Victoria Grove, Canal Lane, Leeds, was able to take out a company and strand it.

But there are many equally bogus managers who dodge the law, and leave companies of competent actors stranded in far-away places.

Unless the actors sink their differences and get together nothing can be done. Let the spirit of Sidney Valente inspire them.

Strange

Mr. Ellis, meat inspector, Hollingworth, examined a beast shortly after it was slaughtered, and found no signs of tuberculosis.

Mr. Bradbury, a sanitary inspector, saw inflammation of a tubercular kind.

Dr. Hancock, M.O. for Stalybridge, thought the whole carcass should have been destroyed as unsound and unfit for human consumption.

And the cattle-dealer and butcher, Kemp, who exposed it for sale, was fined £10.

Mr. Ellis should at least be given a chance of explaining this seemingly gross oversight.

THE Big Idea IN FARMING

by
**SIR
DANIEL
HALL**

World-wide Expert Authority



Sir Daniel samples the hay

which seem to be denied by all political Parties?

In my view, there are two lines of reform to be followed which, if applied in time, might yet save the situation.

The one concerns the farmer as manager of his business and particularly as the organiser of labour. One might say that the representative English farmer is employing five or six men.

This accounts for a heavy charge on his business, and he needs to review all the operations of the farm, asking himself at each stage how labour can be economised.

A greater introduction of machinery is fundamental, and that means a study of how a given machine may be made to work.

Most agricultural machines have begun by being tried and discarded, because the poor tool could not sit up and tell its user how it was being maltreated.

Tractors upon a farm are perhaps in this position to-day; the farmer has tried them, but has gone back to horses, except on larger farms for emergency work.

Labour economies

YET one man with a tractor will do six times as much ploughing as a man with a pair of horses; not so fine work probably, but still adequate; and there must be something more to be made by this saving of labour than is yet being realised.

The mere use of a machine is not necessarily an economy; there must be a certain magnitude about the operation before the saving in labour pays for the machine.

The economical employment of labour is a problem of the first importance to the British farmer, which he will mainly have to solve himself.

It has three aspects: the elimination of crops and operations which have become too costly, however good in themselves; the substitution of machine for hand work, and, lastly, the hunting down of sources of waste.

The second step in this same process of reducing labour costs depends upon a widespread and considered attempt to make the labour employed more effective.

It may be agreed that the agricultural labourer is often a very skilled operative, who exercises far more technical skill and personal responsibility than the industrial workers earning twice or thrice his wages.

But it is generally deplored that these skilled craftsmen are dying out and that the standard of workmanship has deteriorated greatly within the last generation.

Without blaming anybody, it may be agreed that the standard of work upon the farm is lower than it need be; but it is within sight that the agricultural labourer can be taught to "earn," economically speaking, his present or even a higher rate of wages.

In considering the technical methods by

which farming may be improved, I have put in the forefront this question of the efficiency of labour.

It is true that there is scope for the greater utilisation of scientific discovery, but great as are the advances that may thus be promised, they are all secondary to and even dependent upon the economic necessity of the more efficient utilisation of labour.

There are, of course, elements of large promise on the scientific side of farming. Though labour costs twice as much as it did before the war, while the produce of the farm realises barely 40 per cent. more, one item in the farmers' expenditure is actually cheaper—the fertilisers ammonia and phosphates.

On arable land a judicious use of the cheapened fertilisers may just determine the possibility of keeping them under cultivation; on grassland the generous use of nitrogen promises sensibly to reduce the cake bill which is the chief item in the cost of milk.

Bigger yield

AS with all advantages due to science, the appropriate technique has to be worked out on the economic side before the advantages can be realised.

But remembering how between 1840 and 1850 the productivity of British land was raised from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre by artificial fertilisers, we cannot but see the possibility of a similar advance in this new development of the fertiliser supply.

Such are the opportunities of righting itself from within, without either legislative assistance or social change, which are before British agriculture to-day.

Needless to say, there are other opportunities, notably co-operation for marketing.

This point cannot be pressed too strongly on the British farmer; such action is necessary if he is to secure his continuance as a free agent, so powerful are the commercial organisations that handle imported produce.

But co-operation on any big scale involves a tedious and difficult struggle with the established trading organisations, and for a long time the motive-power keeping farmers within the organisation will have to be faith and loyalty to the idea of co-operation, not immediate profit. Nor, indeed, is there a big profit to be diverted into the farmers' pockets.

Sell direct

ONE is amazed at the discrepancies between the price the farmers receive for milk or meat and the retail price the urban consumer pays; but the stretch between the producers' and the wholesale market price is only a small portion of the total difference, and yet is the only part which the farmer could cut out by combination.

As to large-scale farming, British agriculture tentatively entered upon it two centuries ago, and it is at present being undersold by peasant production in other lands.

Yet progress must lie in that direction. Peasant farms cannot realise the economies to be effected by machinery, science and the organisation of labour. Moreover, the peasants are turning away from the laborious life involved for themselves and their families.

Distrustful as we may be of Russian methods, it is significant that a great effort is there being made to convert the peasant holdings into vast industrial farms, as the best means of ensuring the future food supply.

Family farms

THE greater part of the food of the world is produced by peasants and single-man farmers, who themselves, aided by the members of their families, carry out the work of cultivation.

They can better meet the low-price conditions in the sense that they do not lose money, but only receive a smaller return for their labour, and are thereby forced to reduce their standard of living.

Is there any policy which affords hope for British farming other than those measures of direct assistance by protection or subsidy



The Rt. Hon. Sir J. ANDERSON,
Under-Secretary, Home Office

DEAR SIR JOHN,—To you almost alone is due the remarkable fact that since the war only one unnatural death has occurred in this country from a poison regulated by the Dangerous Drugs Acts.

But, as your Department's record of recent inquests will show, new and more insidious instruments of death are now within easy reach of the weak-minded and the murderous.

They are the host of hypnotic, or sleep-inducing, drugs for which the chemical manufacturers of Switzerland and Germany have lately found a ready and profitable market in Britain.

There is no restriction whatever on the importation of this powerful and subtle cheap poison, and a chemist is allowed by law to sell any quantity of it to anyone whom he knows merely by sight.

Destroy this menace before the roll of tragedy becomes more terrible. You will do so only by insisting on these deadly soporifics being brought within the effective Dangerous Drugs Acts.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. P. SNOWDEN, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR MR. SNOWDEN,—You have a well-earned reputation for speaking out, irrespective of precedent.

I regret, therefore, that I must charge you with ambiguity on artificial silk and other industries.

Merchants and shippers are in doubt as to whether the duty is coming off wholly or in part in your next Budget.

Until they know this they dare not proceed with their normal business. You must know that making orders for artificial silk have to be placed months in advance.

It can do no harm to remove the uncertainty, for merchants and manufacturers alike can always organise to meet new conditions. They cannot make forward contracts in the dark.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. GREENWOOD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Recently an employee of Messrs. Nuttall, of Goodmayes, lost her fully-stamped Health Insurance card. Messrs. Nuttall at once informed your Ministry that they vouched for the affixing and defacing of 28s. 3d. worth of stamps.

Ten days later they received a form to fill in. This was returned to you completed the same day. Twenty days later your Department stated that the employee must affix stamps to the value of the missing ones.

Your month's unpardonable delay has put the woman entirely out of benefit.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT VANSITTART, K.C.B.,
Under-Secretary, Foreign Office

DEAR SIR,—The case of Lorang and that of the Irishman arrested not long ago in Paris should convince you that the extradition laws need amendment.

It is absurd that when there is a strong *prima-facie* case against an individual in this country a charge brought up later against him should withhold him from British justice.

I ask you to move for an international enquiry into the extradition laws.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. W. GRAHAM, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—The fear expressed by the Holborn Borough Council that there may be another street explosion of gas is shared by other cities and towns than London.

There is urgent need for an enquiry into the practicability of constructing large-tunnel systems to hold all pipes, wires and cables, so that they might be accessible for continual inspection.

This would also do away with the ludicrously frequent disturbances to carriageway surfaces, and do much to diminish traffic-blocks.

JOHN BULL.

PHEBE FINCH,
Melbourne Road, Istock

DEAR PHEBE,—You are a brave lass, and by a miracle you have saved your nine-year-old sister from death. One of the best sort of miracles, in which God helps us because we help ourselves.

To snatch your young sister all in flames from her burning bed, and put out the flames by wrapping her in a blanket, showed as much presence of mind as heroism.

You will make a fine wife for some lucky man.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. G. LANSBURY, M.P.,
First Commissioner of Works

MY DEAR GEORGE,—You have attempted to make the London parks fit for children to play in. You have said "The children must have sunshine."

Now what about the East? You cannot take parks to the East End, but you can take sunshine.

When your colleague in the Ministry of Education has put a sunlamp in every school, and your colleague in the Ministry of Health has put a sunlamp in every clinic, then we might look for a finer and healthier Britain.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES BURROUGHS,
20, Knowle Road, Bristol

GALLANT DRIVER,—Death seemed certain when, bringing your express out of a Bristol station at forty-five miles an hour, you saw before you the tail-lights of a stationary goods-train.

By sticking to the footplate and jamming on all brakes, you kept your engine on the rails, although a guard's van and four trucks were piled 30 ft. high on the smoke-stack.

Badly shaken, you yet took precautions against explosion and fire before leaving the engine.

Gallantry like yours is a great-

hearted challenge to the prophets of national decay.

JOHN BULL.

MARCHIONESS of QUEENSBERRY,
Tufin Street, S.W.

MADAM,—I don't think it is useful advice to tell married people not to have more children than they can afford. The need to provide inspires the effort.

Many a father who achieves greatly would have been content with little if there had not been those little mouths to fill.

Perhaps the better line to take is that wages should go up in order that the birth-rate may not still further go down.

JOHN BULL.

Ft. Rev. A. C. HEADLAM, D.D.,
Bishop's Palace, Gloucester

MY LORD,—Your Diocesan Letter states that the cause of unemployment is disastrous high wages.

The truth is that the average wage of Britain's workers is £2 10s. a week, although responsible people like railway men, skilled engineers, miners and postmen can earn, if they get a full week, £3 or a little over.

You, my lord, receive £4,300 per annum. Have you not enough leisure to ascertain the facts before expressing a provocative opinion which will give offence to those you wrong?

JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS R. HUGHES, K.C.,
Chairman of the Bar Council

LEARNED FRIEND,—The solicitors in an English town decided the other day to hold a dinner. By themselves, they would have been a very small company,

so they asked the local barristers to join them at table.

But the General Council of the Bar said "No." Association of the kind would be a breach of professional etiquette.

No doubt the desire is to prevent any suspicion of counsel receiving briefs on the strength of social contacts. Why strike at a harmless provincial dinner-party, however?

You must be aware that solicitors with good connections are embarrassed by the number of invitations they receive to the lavish week-end house-parties of fashionable counsel.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. A. J. DARNELL: "Sunday games are not in the interests of young people."

So the smug Puritan has spoken since he was first invented.

MR. CHARLES E. HECHT: "Leisure at meal-times is a virtue."

How the hungry man will laugh!

MR. B. CAMPION: "When does a brick become a brick-bat?"

When Gradualness becomes Socialism-in-our-time.

PROFESSOR CYRIL BURT: "There is as much virtue in the hovels of Hoxton as in the mansions of Mayfair."

When our legislators realise that this is a wild understatement, some thing may be done.

Not from 2LO—Mr. H. G. Abel, headmaster, St. Olave's, Tower Bridge, etc.



CRIMES of the TIMES

As I have already stated, "What is called education has become the slogan of a certain political Party, which hopes by this Jesuitry to keep itself in permanent power."

And what has education done for the masses except foster the blasphemous creed that Jack is as good as his master—even his schoolmaster?

Our literature is indecent, our music is vulgar, our music barbaric. Our young people are becoming vulgar, rowdy, superficial, and their pet amusements—the cinema, the motor-car and the loudspeaker—are crude, bad-mannered things.

You will agree that, having said this much, I have, in the vile lingo of to-day, "said a mouthful." But this is only a small helping of the dismal tidings disgorged in my address.

Some have suggested that I went too far in my condemnation of modern tendencies, and have urged me to look on the bright side; but, alas! there isn't a bright side.

Tell me not in cheerful jingle
All is not entirely bad,
For I can't discern a single
Thing that doesn't make me sad.

Gone is all the "wholesome rigour"
That turned schoolboys into men,
When our plan, applied with vigour,
Was but "cuts—and come again."

Flogging now is but a fable.
Pleasure is the world's great ban,
What is needed is an Abel
Armed with pedagogic "can."

SIGNS of chaos, signs of woe,
Evidence of madness—
These I see where'er I go;
So excuse my sadness.

Music's simply gone to pot,
Art may die to-morrow.
Culture only I have got—
Hence my song of sorrow.

Literature no more is read,
Now the mob seeks solace,
Turning from the mighty dead,
To the words of Wallace.

Education is a myth,
Democracy's a byword;
Demos and his kin and kith
No more hark to my word.

In a world that's crashing fast
Only one thing's stable—
From a different mould was cast
Mr. H. G. Abel!

Those who have had the horror of reading my address to the Society for Experiment and Research in Education will know how melancholy I feel about modern democratic education, and only the ignoble will suggest that I am prejudiced either against free education or the democracy because I am headmaster of St. Olave's Grammar School.

FRENZIED VICTIMS of HYPNOTIC PASTORS



"Pastor" George Jeffreys (left) photographed with his chief evangelists, J. McWhirter and R. E. Darragh. In clerical garb: "Pastor" Leonard Whittle rules the Tabernacle Assemblies

emotionalism. It is an infallible fortune-maker.

The victims of this grotesque business are invited into a small room known as the inner chamber. Into it enter the men and women who have shown signs of hysteria or intense emotion at one of the public revival meetings.

In a frenzy

Once within the parlour, they are ordered to kneel in a circle and close their eyes. Stage by stage they are worked into a frenzy. Choruses are sung at breakneck speed, some being repeated thirty or forty times.

Sensitive and highly strung people are reduced to a state of psychic intoxication under the influence of the presiding pastor, whose every word

and movement is white-hot with hypnotic suggestion.

They are seized by a form of catalepsy, and incoherent mutterings are heard from them during their shakings and convulsions.

Then the pastor proceeds to interpret their mutterings, which he declares to have been uttered by a divine voice.

Certain members of the kneeling company have had their means estimated and they are informed that the divine message they spoke was:

"... I am in the midst of thee. Thou shalt give My servant [here the name of the pastor is mentioned] the sum of £—."

One of the saddest cases of the kind we have investigated is that of a young man and woman who were happily engaged to be married.

They were induced to enter the inner chamber, and the "Interpreter" told them that God had commanded their engagement to be broken off and the money which the young man had saved to start married life to be handed over for the purchase of a motor-caravan.

The poor fellow left the room to bring back his savings. A few days later a handsome caravan appeared in the district and became the home of one of the pastors.

The extremes to which the Jeffreys' disciples resort to obtain money are without limit.

One of the women leaders of the "Assemblies of God" movement was proclaimed to possess the Nine Gifts of the Spirit, and therefore to be inviolable and in direct communication with heaven.

She also had ambitions to possess a fishmonger's business which was for sale.

One day she visited a woman who had been observed to be influenced by the proceedings at a revival meeting and was known to have some means.

Got her fish-shop

"I have been in prayer," she said, "and the Lord has commanded you to provide me with the money to buy a fish-shop."

This adventuress, after acquiring the money and the business, then told the audiences at the revival meetings that heaven had further commanded them to stop eating meat in favour of fish, and that all supplies must be obtained from her shop.

There is in Highgate Infirmary today, as a pauper patient, an aged woman who was persuaded to sell £320 of war stock—her life-savings—and lend the money to the Tabernacle Assemblies side of the movement.

She is now penniless and poverty-stricken.

We would like to learn how much money has been gathered in lately for the establishment of a £3,000 missionary colony at Mayland, Essex, and where the money and the colony are to be found.

This kind of thing is going on all over the country in the name of religion. It is obviously time that the Jeffreys and their gang were broken up.

Weekly Informations from—

—SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A Catch-Pound Competition

I HAVE already had occasion to refer to competitions run by the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd., of Gray's Inn Road, London, and once more my postbag convinces me that some further words of warning are badly needed.

The Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd., was responsible for a "Charlie Chaplin—Spot the Twins" competition, and is now running another entitled "Felix the Cat," after the film cartoon favourite.

Apparently "Felix" is proving a great success—for the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd.; but for hosts of competitors it has brought nothing but disappointment.

The competitions run by this company belong to a class which I have no hesitation in condemning.

If they knew

Ninety per cent. of the entrants have no idea at the outset that they will be required, at a later stage in the competition, to purchase goods that they may or may not require, to the value of £1.

If those conducting such contests were to state quite frankly at the outset, "It will cost you £1 to enter this competition," the response would be very feeble.

Tempted to enter by big cash prizes,

they are persuaded to continue by congratulatory and flattering letters which imply that they stand an enviable, if not preferential, chance of winning.

These letters are merely circulars; every successful entrant is told the same thing.

But that is not all.

Many complaints

The directors of the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd., are two brothers, named W. and A. Morgan, who have been fined for various offences under the Company Registration Act and Business Names Act.

At the present moment complaints are pouring in to the London police from all parts of the country from competitors who have sent remittances of £1 or more to the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd., for goods which have not been forthcoming.

A call at the company's office provided the interesting spectacle of a number of girls busily opening letters and stuffing them into sacks after first removing the Treasury notes or postal orders that they contained.

Whenever their memory is jogged by the police the conductors of this dilatory company contrive to stir themselves up and attend to orders.

I hesitate to advise all dissatisfied competitors who cannot get the goods

for which they have paid to seek police aid in this connection, for it is to my mind a monstrous thing that our splendid Metropolitan Police Force should thus be compelled to add to its already arduous labours.

All I can say is: If you want to enter prize competitions, select only those in which all the conditions are fully specified in the initial stages; and if you want to purchase goods through the post deal only with a firm of whose repute you can be assured.

Quite a number of my readers have clearly been tempted by an offer made by F. G. Stephenson, of Stanley Street, Warrington, in which 5s. worth of tobacco is promised for 4d.

An analysis of the offer shows that it is the old familiar snowball scheme all over again.

While there may be nothing illegal in such schemes, they are obviously too fallacious for any definite promise of fulfilment.

For one thing, they are entirely dependent upon every member carrying out his or her part to the letter in disposing of four 4d. coupons.

If a single member dies, grows weary or defaults for any reason whatever, the whole scheme must necessarily collapse.

NEXT week the House of Commons will be asked to give a second reading to a Government Bill compelling individuals and organisations to collect money from the public to be registered and be accountable to the Charity Commission.

A better opportunity has never been provided to put a stop to the money-making methods of a gang of pseudo-religious apostles of faith-healing who in years have obtained immense sums of money from the public, and have never divulged what happens to the money.

They call themselves pastors, and their leaders are three brothers, George, Stephen and William Jeffreys. These men were once miners at Presteg, in South Wales, but they forsook the perils of the pit for the profits of the pulpit, and ever since have preyed and preyed upon humanity's weaknesses.

A younger member of this family, Edward Jeffreys, has recently donned clerical garb also, and is proving himself as versatile as the others in the ritual and financial exploitation of suffering and the maimed.

Our organisations have come into existence under the auspices of the movement. They are:

The Elim Pentecostal Alliance and the Square Gospel Churches.

The Assemblies of God in Great Britain and Ireland.

The United Apostolic Faith Church.

The Tabernacle Assemblies and the Missionary Society.

A host of so-called pastors has been created to conduct the crude ceremonies on which these societies thrive.

Woman watchdog

They depend upon women for the greater part of their revenue, and chosen men of the impressionable type for instruction as "pastors." But none of the pastors is supposed to handle the money gathered or subscribed to the numerous curious appeals which the Jeffreys and their associates open with bewildering audacity.

A woman watchdog is appointed by headquarters to keep observation on the pastor. Her chief duty is to see that every penny and cheque received is passed on to the secret coffers of the society.

Part from the faith-healing trade, the Jeffreys' creed has in its front as a money-making device what is called "speaking in tongues" interpretation.

This, as they expound it, is a combination of equal parts of bluff and

Mystery Man in BRIXTON JAIL



Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., has been most active in Parliament lately regarding the alien problem. Here's a chance for him

Ernesto Capitolo says he has been deliberately "got out of the way"

THERE is a mystery man in Brixton Jail, London. Without country, penniless and friendless, he has appealed in vain to the Home Secretary for that justice which he emphatically claims has been denied him.

This man, who swears that his real name is Ernest Egerton, and that he is Irish by birth, complains that he has been hounded from country to country.

He attributes his present state, which is one of moral, physical and financial ruin, to the fact that in January, 1927, when he was charged at Bow Street Police Court, in the name of Ernesto Capitolo, with selling liquor in contravention of the law at a small social club in the West End, he did not get a square deal.

Inspector left

On the advice of his solicitor, he pleaded "Guilty," it being thought that, owing to his unblemished record, he would be permitted to continue his club on more cautious lines.

His story is that he was unjustly banished following a private report forwarded to the Home Office, which brought about his deportation, as an Italian subject, to Italy.

An ugly allegation is that at the time of his departure he was anticipating a call to Scotland Yard to give evidence in the case of an inspector who was charged with some serious offences.

Even without his evidence, however, the inspector was requested to leave the Force.

Capitolo's appeal to the Home Office is based upon the contention that he has been branded with a false nationality.

Wandering

He says that when he arrived in Italy in May, 1927, he was promptly turned back because his papers did not satisfy the authorities there that he was an Italian subject.

The following month found him in France, where, without any rights of citizenship, he somehow contrived to exist until August.

Then, discovered by the police to be in the country against all lawful authority, he was escorted to the Belgian frontier.

In Belgium he lived in various seamen's institutes, doing odd jobs here and there, all the time watching for an opportunity to get back to England.

The Home Office, which has grappled for so long with the problem of how deported aliens get back to this country, may be interested to know that this banished club proprietor worked his passage from a Belgian port on a tramp-steamer, and landed unhindered on these shores less than seven months after his deportation to Italy.

Whilst in London, endeavouring to obtain evidence that would prove his real nationality, this mystery man was recognised by a detective, and, after serving a short term of imprisonment on the charge of being here without permission, was again sent to Italy.

Once more he protested that he was the victim of circumstance and that he was Irish, and for the next twelve months he spent his time in various prisons at Genoa, Pisa, Napoli, Rome and Salerno, while the Italian authorities vainly enquired into his claims.

In the early part of last year he was released, and his movements from that date provide a further illustration for the Home Office as to how deportees can roam about the world at leisure and return again and again to our hospitable shores.

How easy!

From Genoa, Egerton got to Barcelona, working his passage and living from hand to mouth.

After spending a month in Spain, where, he claims, he suffered even worse privation than in Italy, he managed to get into France—staying at seamen's hostels when not sleeping in the open.

At Boulogne—the Home Office should be more than interested in this revelation—he met a seaman to whom he unfolded his story.

It so happened that this seaman had just been issued with a new book, and, still being in possession of his old one, handed it to Egerton in order to enable him to get back to England once more.

Egerton thus succeeded in baffling the passport authorities still again.

In November last he landed at Southampton via the Channel Islands, and was actually on the point of obtaining a berth on a famous Atlantic

liner when a chance question, put to him in a local seamen's institute, revealed that he was the twice-deported "mystery man."

Charged at the local police-court as an alien, in England without permission, he begged the magistrates to remand his case for a month in order that he could call evidence that he was really a British subject.

His request was not granted, and he is now in Brixton Jail, awaiting deportation for a third time.

Apart from affording a very forceful lesson for the Aliens Department of the Home Office, there are many reasons why this man's story should be fully investigated.

Treated cruelly

He says that, given the facilities, he can prove that he was born at Greencastle, in County Donegal, about 1888; but, owing to the fact that his mother was unmarried and the name of his father was unknown, he was entrusted to the care of foster-parents at a tender age.

The place he recollects is Gozzo, an

island of the Maltese group. He says he was treated cruelly.

Then came the time when his foster father brought him to England, and at the age of eleven, he took the opportunity to escape.

It was just prior to this that he was told for the first time of his unfortunate parentage.

Without money, he drifted to the Italian colony of Soho, and, beginning life as a lather-boy at a local barber's, finally worked his way up, after fifteen years in Soho, to have a small shop of his own.

Test his story

Speaking Italian fluently, he became known as "Italian Ernest," and realising as the years went by that his chances of success in Soho would be aided by keeping up the illusion, he adopted the surname of Capitolo.

During the latter part of his thirty years in Soho, this man came in hourly touch with many of the lawbreakers who have figured in recent night-club scandals.

He contends that he has been deliberately "got out of the way."

In May, 1928, after he managed to get back to England on the first occasion, we ourselves exposed him and told the story that had previously been unfolded at Bow Street.

Capitolo is either a plausible scoundrel or a much-injured man. In any event, his amazing statements call for an official investigation.

TYNESIDER'S Ship Comes Home

ONE of the workers by the busy, grimy Tyne will always remember the birth of 1930. His ship has just come home laden with a cargo of bullion from JOHN BULL.

"Very many thanks for the overwhelming news," writes Mr. C. F. Taylor, of 8, St. Outhbert's Terrace, Gateshead. "I am just beginning to realise what it means."

Who would not be overwhelmed by the news of winning that huge *Bullet* First of 1,500 guineas in Competition No. 741?

For a young, unmarried clerk like Mr. Taylor this staggering success means comfort and a sense of independence for the rest of his career.

"Though I have not entered in every competition," Mr. Taylor tells us, "I have enjoyed competing immensely."

The *Bullet* which scored his sensational success—"At Prison's Gates—Month Done—Life Undone"—was not born in a moment.

In trying to link up the example, "At Prison's Gates," with the idea of a man's whole life ruined by a few minutes' folly, Mr. Taylor was not content with the first phrasing he hit upon.

He rejected his first choice of words in favour of this phrasing, "Justice Done—Life Undone."

Still not satisfied, he finally polished

"My optimism never ran to Fifteen Hundred Guineas"



up this rough diamond into the winning gem which the adjudicators appraised at Fifteen Hundred Guineas.

Perseverance is one of Mr. Taylor's strong points. The fact that for five years he had won only a few "Target" prizes did not blunt his enthusiasm.

"I always had confidence that sooner or later I would get a substantial prize," he remarks, "but my optimism never ran to Fifteen Hundred Guineas."

Any man or woman can add to the enjoyment of reading JOHN BULL by following Mr. Taylor along the path to "Bullets" success.

With an everyday knowledge of the use of words, any spare half-hour can be amusingly occupied with *Bullet*, the profitable pastime which is bringing big cheques weekly to enterprising readers.

This week's attractive offer on page 35 means that twenty substantial cheques, headed by an increased First of £350, will soon be distributed amongst those whose *Bullet* is worthy. You can win a place in the "Big Twenty"!

A "NOBLE" ROBBER

of the Blind

A NOTORIOUS, middle-aged adventurer, "Count Paul Oppenheim," who has mingled in his romantic career with some of the best people in this country while posing as a nobleman, has just owned his past performances by stating the Immigration Department. He is not only wanted by the police in various parts of the Continent, but succeeded in eluding Scotland Yard detectives for two years, during which a warrant has been in existence for his arrest on grave charges.

"He looks like the kinema model of a nobleman; a monocle always dangles from a silken cord"

His reason for returning here in the face of threatened arrest is that the Continental police were too hot upon his trail.

So he is in hiding—somewhere in London, in some place where this will undoubtedly meet his eye.

And what a despicable rogue he is—the kind of person who would take the coppers from a blind man's tin. Indeed, he did that very thing, only on a colossal scale.

This so-called nobleman, who returned to England about three weeks ago, is an American citizen, having been born in San Francisco fifty-two years ago of French-Canadian parents.

His short straight

His real name is Robert De Jesse, and he has no right to be here at all without a Home Office permit, which he certainly does not possess.

He was sent to prison at Folkestone a few years ago, in the name of Horace Holden, for obtaining money and goods by false pretences.

On emerging from jail he apparently kept straight for a while, and ultimately won a high administrative post at the London headquarters of one of England's best known charities—the Incorporated Association for Promot-



ing the General Welfare of the Blind, of which their Majesties the King and Queen

are patrons and H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, the Lady Pres-

ident. De Jesse, alias Holden, alias Oppenheim, whose previous delinquencies were, of course, concealed from the charity, used his real name in this instance, and soon showed that he was a man of some creative ability and enterprise.

Under the auspices of the Incorporated Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, he started a charity publication called "Blindustry."

This illustrated brochure urged people to purchase goods through the association to help the afflicted people who had been taught various arts and crafts to relieve the tedium of their blindness.

All went well until certain irregularities were discovered, whereupon this monocled manager was given notice to leave. It was then that he perpetrated the abysmal swindle for which he has never been punished.

While still under notice, and within the space of five days, he used a letter

Hiding—Somewhere in England

of credit issued on behalf of the association to obtain goods to the value of £14,500, which were supposed to be sold for the benefit of the blind, but which he converted to his own uses.

Before he departed he craftily let drop many hints that he intended to start afresh in Canada, and after he had gone a number of clues were discovered which seemed so far to confirm this that watch was kept by detectives for months on all vessels proceeding across the Atlantic.

Actually, however, this resourceful rogue slipped across to France, where he blossomed into the "nobleman" of the cities and resorts.

As Count Oppenheim he lived for some time in luxury and contentment at the expense of others.

Rogueries repeated

In Paris, for example, he passed from one big hotel to another, posing as a man of independent means, obtaining credit from the managements by plausible stories of a fortune that is quite mythical, and entertaining wealthy people whom he subsequently robbed by getting money advances that have never been repaid.

When the true character of the self-styled Count was finally discovered and the Parisian police began to follow up his movements, he fled to other cities where he proceeded to repeat his rogueries.

After duping various people in every city in turn, he disappeared just in time to avoid arrest.

His trail is blazed by mountainous debts for expensive goods that he ordered in profligate fashion, while he has dispensed worthless cheques with an equally carefree hand.

A hardened gambler, he has been in the habit of "settling" his losses in the casinos with his waste-paper cheques.

How long will he be able to evade arrest in London?

The Uncommercial TRAVELLER

A SMARTLY-DRESSED stranger, armed with nothing more pretentious than a small attaché-case, descended the other day upon Shrewsbury and registered at an important hotel as "R. de London Road, Bedford." He announced that his stay would be short, as he was proceeding to Wrexham on urgent business. Later, by dint of his admitted charm and manner, he prevailed upon the management to cash a cheque for him. He was drawn upon the Fenchurch Street branch of Barclay's Bank, and the stamped impression of a name in red ink. The cheque came back through the bank marked "No account," and when enquiries were made at Wrexham it was found that the cheque had actually been stolen there. The man, who does not pay hotel bills, specialises in these flying visits. A Southampton hotel cashed a cheque. He used the business-card of a big Manchester manufacturing firm, which had obtained from a traveller. His trickster's real name is Marcus Mett, but he adopts a fresh alias almost every coup. Complaints that he has been made in many places, notably Edinburgh, Stamford, Bedford, Norwich and Bangor.

SHOCK SPECULATIONS

UNDER the heading "Employment," Ernest Green and Co., of Valencia House, Church Lane, Hull, advertise that "excellent money-making opportunities" are constantly occurring.

The advertisements divulge nothing definite, but talk of a "very highly recommended method," and free particulars are promised in return for a stamped and addressed envelope.

We are very sorry for any job-seekers who may be tempted to respond to this offer, for they will be wasting their time and stamps.

Ernest Green and Co., it will be found, when the "free particulars" come along, profess to be stock and share brokers, while their "excellent money-making opportunities" consist of share speculations.

One recent enquirer was told that "a very special speculative account" would be opened within the next few days for dealing in certain shares

about which inside information was provided by cablegrams from the company's "New York correspondents."

He was further told, by way of encouragement, that Ernest Green and Co.'s last deal yielded a profit of 200 per cent., and that he could "command success" by sending £1, £2, £5 or any larger amount he chose for participation in the next "deal."

Ernest Green and Co. is the business name of one Ernest Green, who added a personal postscript to his letter to the above enquirer, wishing him "a prosperous New Year."

But the correspondent is not following Mr. Green's alleged path to prosperity. He is wise.

Genuine brokers do not tout for custom in this way, and the "option deals" favoured by Mr. Green form a class of transaction frowned upon by the Stock Exchange and repeatedly denounced in reputable financial papers.

DOORSTEP TIPSTER

IF your husband's hobby is horse-racing, be on your guard against a spruce young fellow who calls himself J. W. Maguire, and whose favourite rôle is that of a herald of good tidings.

J. W. Maguire begins the day late, because he likes to wait until the men-folk are all safely at their work. J. W. Maguire preys upon women.

Only last week a Manchester housewife opened her door to the polite Mr. Maguire and saw no reason to doubt his statement that her husband had sent for 10s. to put on a "cert" winner.

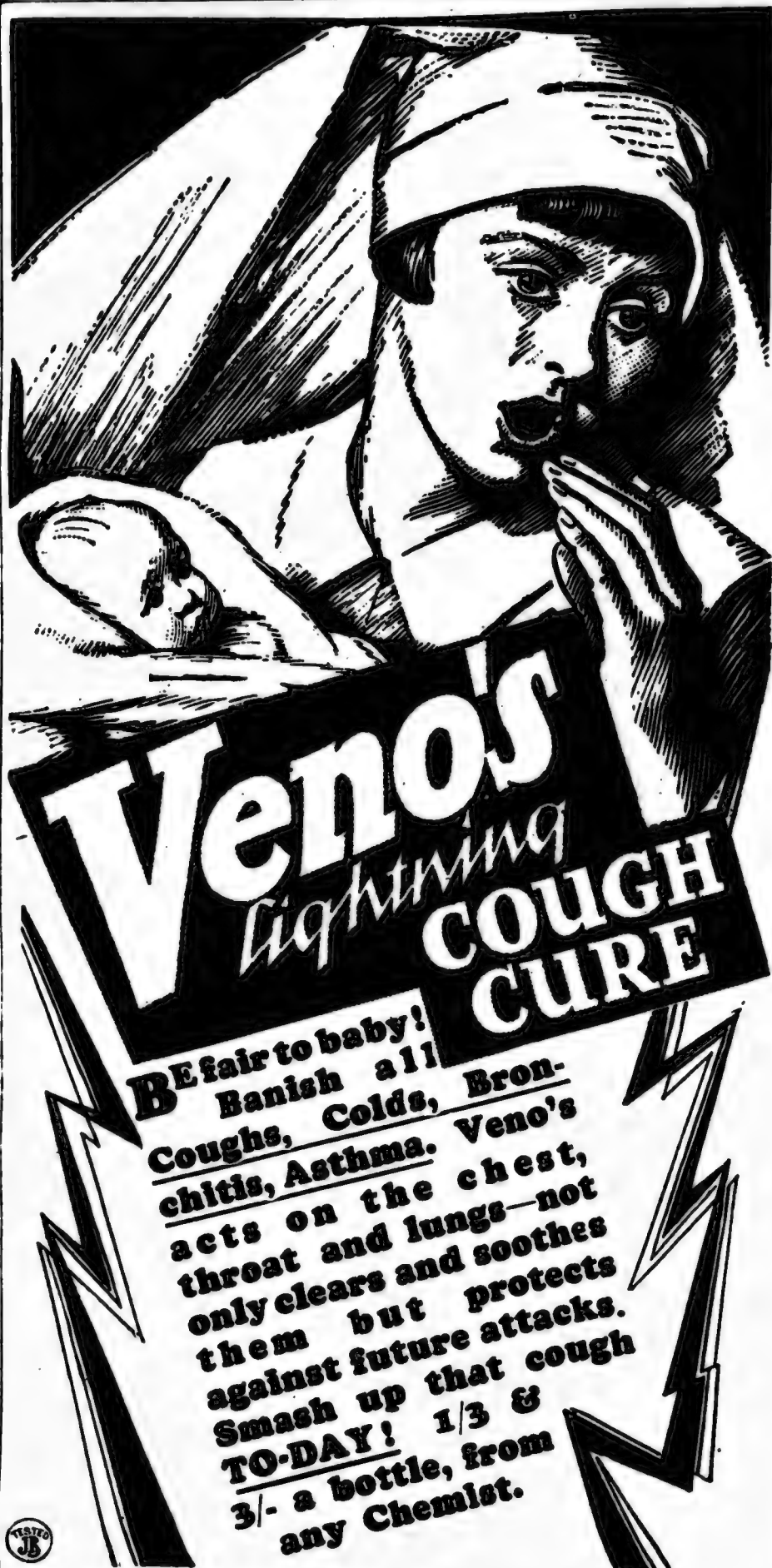
The caller flourished a telegram giving particulars of the great tip, talking intimately the while about the woman's husband, of whose habits and movements he seemed particularly well-informed.

Knowing that her husband had brought off quite a number of "good things," she promptly handed over a ten-shilling note.

That was the last seen of the dapper Mr. Maguire, and, of course, the husband denied all knowledge of such a person when he eventually returned from his work.

Numerous other complaints have been received about Maguire, who usually secures three or four dupes a day, thus deriving a steady income without much effort.

His real name is John McGuire, though the underworld knows him by the more picturesque title of "Johnny the Diddler."



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Lightning COUGH CURE

BE fair to baby!
Banish all Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma. Veno's acts on the chest, throat and lungs—not only clears and soothes them but protects against future attacks. Smash up that cough **TO-DAY!** 1/3 & 3/- a bottle, from any Chemist.

HOW TO GET RID OF A SHINY NOSE

PERMANENTLY

(By a Skin Specialist.)

No man likes to see a woman take out her powder puff and commence powdering her face at a Thé Dansant, to hide her shiny nose and other complexion defects. By blending a little mousse of cream with her face powder, any woman can easily make her powder stay on all day. The mousse of cream causes the powder to cling to the skin in spite of heat, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing. Its continued use has a tonic effect on the skin and will soon banish a shiny nose permanently. The mousse of cream in Poudre Tokalon is scientifically blended in just the right proportion during the process of its manufacture. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Invisible on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fascinating. Three million women use this powder



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Dare FRANCE Torpedo PEACE?

by A. G. GARDINER



THEY WORK AND WATCH—AND HOPE

For in the end they have to pay.—Left to right: America's lumber-jack; a French son of the soil; a navy-Britisher; an Italian woman of the vineyard; and a Japanese woman in the rice-field

LONDON in the next few days will have as remarkable a collection of foreign statesmen in its midst as it already has of Italian masterpieces. Whether the

tions of the statesmen will be as warmly acclaimed as the exhibition of the masterpieces remains to be seen.

The omens are not too hopeful; but, one way or the other, the London Conference, which opens on Tuesday next, will make history.

At the best, a new landmark will be reached in establishing the world on a peace basis; at the worst, it will be pretty clear who blocks the way.

And if we find out who blocks the way we shall be in a position to isolate the war-germ.

The issue before the conference is relatively simple.

There are only five countries in the world that are involved in the naval question, and all those countries will be represented round the table at St. James's Palace on Tuesday. They are Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy and Japan.

Of these five, Great Britain and the United States alone are first-class naval powers. Their claim to pre-eminence at sea is not challenged.

It rests not on their intrinsic greatness, but on the extent and vulnerability of their seaboard, their worldwide commitments, and, in our own case, our island position and our overseas affiliations.

This is what I may call the "bull-point" of the conference. For not only are Great Britain and the United States the paramount interests, but the two countries, thanks to the MacDonald-Hoover negotiations last autumn, go into the conference in complete accord.

THE obstinate question of parity which broke up the Geneva Conference a couple of years ago has been practically solved, and on all the main issues Britain and America are agreed.

This fact should be fruitful in one important respect. It should sound the death-knell of those monstrous 15,000-ton battleships, costing nearly \$10,000,000 apiece, with which the megalomania of the admirals has burdened the finance of this country since the war.

Neither France nor Italy has been caught by the big-ship craze. They have other fish to fry, and haven't the money for such profligate extravagances.

It comes to this, therefore: that, leaving Japan aside, Britain and

America are building these battleships against each other, and against nobody else.

Why go on doing it? Both countries have ruled out the possibility of war between them. Both want to hasten disarmament. Both wish to cut down their oppressive armaments expenditure.

Here is a golden opportunity for Mr. MacDonald. He can go to the conference with a proposal to cut down the limits of the capital ship by 25,000 tons with the practical assurance that his proposal will be enthusiastically accepted.

And in doing so he will save us tens of millions of money. He will do more. He will make disarmament a reality, and he will give a lead to the conference in more difficult matters.

For if the "bull-point" is obvious, the "bear-points" are obvious too.

It is only too clear that France has no enthusiasm about the conference. She has got the great mistaken notion

that this is an Anglo-American deal—a sort of Anglo-American *entente* to take the place of the Anglo-French *entente*.

She wants to link up naval disarmament with the much more difficult question of land disarmament. She asks for more guarantees. She calls for a Mediterranean Locarno.

France declares that she must have a lot of ships because she has three coasts to defend. Above all, she insists on a free hand in submarines.

This is all ominous and disquieting. It is so disquieting that some of the American journals are saying that France has torpedoed the conference before it has begun.

That is taking too gloomy a view; but I hope that in his meeting with M. Tardieu this week-end, Mr. MacDonald will convince the French Premier that it would be a grave mistake for France to be left with the odium of having torpedoed the conference.

That would be unfortunate for all of

us; but it would be more unfortunate for France than for anybody else, for the mind of the world is set more and more determinedly on getting once and for all out of the war-zone, and it will not feel kindly towards any country that wilfully obstructs its escape.

Quite frankly, it is wearied of this incessant clamor for security, and more security, and yet more security.

A LITTLE impatiently, the world asks for France to take a hand in promoting that spirit of confidence in the good faith of others which is ultimately the only guarantee and the only security that she, in common with the rest of us, can ever have.

Why this emphasis on her three coasts?

Before the war, with peril imminent, with the German navy still in being and with nothing more than an unratified undertaking by this country, she left her Channel ports entirely to our defence.

Now the German navy is at the bottom of the sea, no conceivable enemy is on her western seaboard. She has the Locarno guarantee underwritten by us; she has the Covenant of the League and the Kellogg Pact.

Yet she affects to be concerned about the safety of her Channel ports!

The world is entitled to ask: What does it all mean? And it is entitled to an answer.

As to the submarine, Great Britain and the United States have declared their desire to outlaw that infamous warfare. Italy has followed suit.

France, with Japan supporting her, alone obstructs a policy whose adoption would create a wave of thankfulness throughout the world.

That obstruction must not prevent this great matter being raised.

IT must be raised and pressed, and if it is to prevail, the world must know who is responsible for the continuance of competition in an armament that the whole civilised opinion of mankind abhors and desires to see outlawed.

There is one certainty on which we may reckon. Britain and America are going into this conference with clean hands and a clear daylight understanding.

Whatever happens, that understanding will not be broken; and in the end their policy will prevail, for it is the only policy that will lead to disarmament and peace.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Unexpected Crises

A QUESTION submitted to me through the editor is as follows: "What does the sentence in the Bible mean: 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh?'"

Literally construed, the statement originally meant that Christ might return to the world at any moment to call mankind to judgment and put an end to the order of things earthly.

It did not exactly mean that the world itself was to come to an end in this way, but rather that there would be a new and more hopeful beginning made, a better time for all decent folk.

The early Christians believed this so intensely that they were constantly on the look out for it. It would not have surprised them in the least if Christ had suddenly appeared in the sky with a host of angels round Him, to demolish all existing political dominions and inaugurate a world-wide kingdom of harmony and peace.

This hope has not yet been fulfilled, nor do we know when it will be; but we do well to look forward to it.

It was Christ Himself Who uttered the words spoken, above, however, and I am confident that He intended us to

apply them to all the unforeseen happenings of our individual life.

In the same connection He said: "Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."

Is not this an exact description of what we see going on around us day by day?

How do you know when you are going out in the morning that you will return home at night?

How often we see the strongest member of a family cut off and the weakest lingering on for years and years.

How often the wheel of fortune turns topsy-turvy for man or nation.

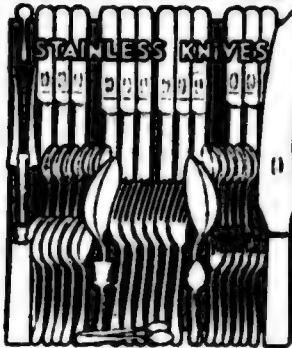
The very last thing that some readers of these words expected twelve months ago was that they should be where they are to-day or living the kind of life they have to live.

The lesson of such facts is that we ought to be prepared for anything that may happen, so that we are not taken unaware.

Character is tested by the way we bear ourselves at the crises of our fate; and in a true and real sense every change that befalls us is a call of God.

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Writer's Note.—On account of the high international social prominence of the woman referred to above she does not want her name printed, but the truthfulness of this story is guaranteed by the writer. Specialists recommend the use of Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour, at night and Crème Tokalon White Skinfood (non-greasy) in the morning, and the manufacturers guarantee successful results in every case or your money is refunded. Crème Tokalon Skinfoods:—Rose Colour for night use, 1/3; White (Vanishing non-greasy, 1/-). Ask for them by the name.

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ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

I DON'T suppose anyone conversant with the diplomatic history of the last ten years is really surprised at the trial now proceeding in Berlin of a number of people accused of a plot to destroy the Soviet Government by flooding Russia with forged banknotes.

Forgery has for many years been a favourite weapon of those who, from one motive or another, object to Russia having any form of government except that of which they themselves approve.

The lie-factories still flourish, and the wonder is how any Government, much less our own, can soil its fingers with such dirty work.

Remember the extraordinary incidents of 1921 when forged editions of the Russian paper *Pravda* were published in London and alleged to be the *Pravda* published in Moscow.

Killed a statesman

The Special Branch of Scotland Yard even so far forgot itself as to assist the forgers, helping them to cut off the printer's imprint that would have given the game away.

The whole dirty business was raised in the House of Commons, and the then Home Secretary had to admit the facts. It is open to anyone to turn up "Hansard" and read the whole story.

History has a way of repeating itself, and the way a Tory Government and a great daily paper used the infamous Zimoviev letter to destroy Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is strangely reminiscent of the time when a Tory Government used a liar and a forger in order to try and destroy Charles Stewart Parnell.

There is no point in retelling the story of the Zimoviev letter; but one or two things need saying even at this date.

No one ever saw the Zimoviev letter; all that was ever produced was an alleged copy of an alleged letter.

And I challenge contradiction when I say that not a single person connected with the secret service at Scotland Yard or the secret service connected with the Army and the Navy ever believed for a moment that the "document" was anything but a forgery.

I will go further and say that the one man in a high official position who could have exploded the whole thing with a word was never even asked his opinion.



General Hoffmann and Baron von Steinhilber (centre), formerly Rasputin's secretary, are mentioned at the Berlin conspiracy trial. Herr Hergt (right), the German Police Chief, had the colossal task of getting the evidence

The Diplomatic Forgery GANG

Some day he may decide to speak. If and when he does the political atmosphere will be a good deal cleaner as the result.

In 1925 a man named Druzhelovsky was arrested in Berlin. It did not take long to discover that he, together with another man called Gumansky, was at the head of a positive factory whose sole object was the production of forged documents against the Soviet Government.

They were sold to Poland and Bulgaria—but he also tried to sell them to Germany.

That was a fatal mistake; for investigations soon showed him to be also active in organising an anti-German campaign at the behest of France.

The forger and spy is a pretty dirty creature, no matter where you touch him.

Also in 1925 what is now known as the "Yakubovich Arsenal" was discovered in Vienna.

This, too, was a factory which existed solely for the production of forged documents to be used by the various Governments against the Soviet Republic.

Childish—crude

Did we ever have a forgery-factory in this country? We most certainly did. I myself met its chief agent and saw his productions.

But they were too crude even to deceive a child. Not even the Conservative Central Office to whom he confidently went could swallow them.

If Mr. Arthur Henderson ever gives these "documents" a thought he will smile at the remembrance of one which referred to him as "Our High Comrade Arthur Henderson in London."

Since this document was a letter purporting to come from a sober British Socialist to an equally sober Dutch Socialist, it is no wonder that even the Conservative Central Office grinned and refused to buy.

The forger is not only a dirty tool; he is frequently astonishingly ignorant in addition.

One of the most famous—or rather infamous—forgers of Russian documents was, and probably still is, that notorious international spy Rochesens-Bizon, who during the war was employed by the Information Bureau of the General Staff of the Rumanian Army.

He was not even a trustworthy spy; he thought nothing of serving more than one Government at a time. Continental newspapers have repeatedly denounced him as an international blackmailer.

He sold forged letters to Rumania, whose Ministers must have been peculiarly gullible; for when he tried to sell similar documents to Germany he was quite unable to produce any proofs whatever of authenticity.

Whereupon he promptly forged a compromising letter purporting to come from Venizelos and sold it to the ex-King of Greece.

Mostly the anti-Soviet forgeries are concocted on what purport to be official Soviet letter-heads. Since these real letter-heads are open to the inspection of all the world, it is nothing less than astounding that the forgers hardly ever fail to make at

least half a dozen palpable errors in their reproduction.

In one famous forgery no fewer than ten such childish mistakes were made.

Nevertheless, it was bought and used—by the Polish Government.

Now, to give a brief account of these lie-factories is not to defend either Bolshevism or the Soviet Government.

The question I want to ask is, What reliance can be placed on either diplomatic correspondence or the columns of the daily Press when, time after time, the facts cited and the opinions stated are proved to be the inventions of international scoundrels?

What useful purpose can possibly be served by the continual encouragement given by responsible Government officials to these unscrupulous adventurers?

For it is obvious that either these Government officials are knowingly and deliberately spending secret service money on lies and forgeries or are quite unfitted for their jobs.

That the merry game is still going on can be proved without going as far as Berlin to look for the evidence.

It is being alleged in the German newspapers that at least one big British financier is mixed up in the present plot to flood Russia with forged banknotes.

The joke Party

I hope it is untrue. It is not pleasant to think of any Englishman being involved in any such dirty business.

We in this country have never had any use for Bolshevik ideas or for Soviet methods.

Our "Communist Party" is a joke—and a self-confessed failure. Revolution has no more chance in this country than a snowflake in hell.

That we have ever stooped to the recognition of international liars and forgers is no credit to those who have had in their keeping the honour of their country.

If any argument is needed to convince the average man that Russian methods are no good for him there is plenty of provable evidence available without the necessity of delving for it in the slime and reek of the international forger's sewers.

The Human Machine

TIPS from the STABLE

WHICH is the royal road to success—exceptional ability or exceptional luck? Is it either, or both—or neither? It is a question we must all have asked times without number; for the queer thing is that some men get on and some do not. It is not always easy to see why.

Listen to Mr. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and once an unknown young Revenue officer. He has "got on." His success is patent to all the world; and he has his own views about the forces that pushed him to the top.

"My first rule," he says, "is never to imagine difficulties, never to meet them half-way. These difficulties that are imagined very seldom become realities."

"My second rule is resignation to things I know I cannot overcome. It is no use worrying about things that are beyond one's power to remove. These rules, coupled with industry, are far more responsible for success in life than natural ability."

There you are—tips from the stable! Mr. Snowden has got there, and he ought to know how he did it.

Apart from the fact that he is too modest to say that he has natural ability above the average, there is a lot of wisdom in what he says.

If you waste your energy in fighting shadows, in worrying about the inevitable, and in thinking round corners instead of straight ahead, you will only have so much less to expend on the job you have to do.

You can put it even more plainly and bluntly. Granted always that indefinable thing called "Luck," success is largely the result of recognising and seizing opportunities whenever and wherever they occur. And if they don't occur, the thing to do is to make them.

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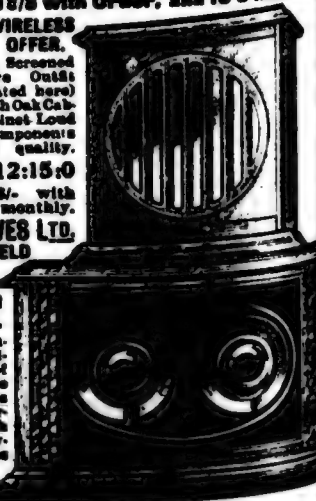
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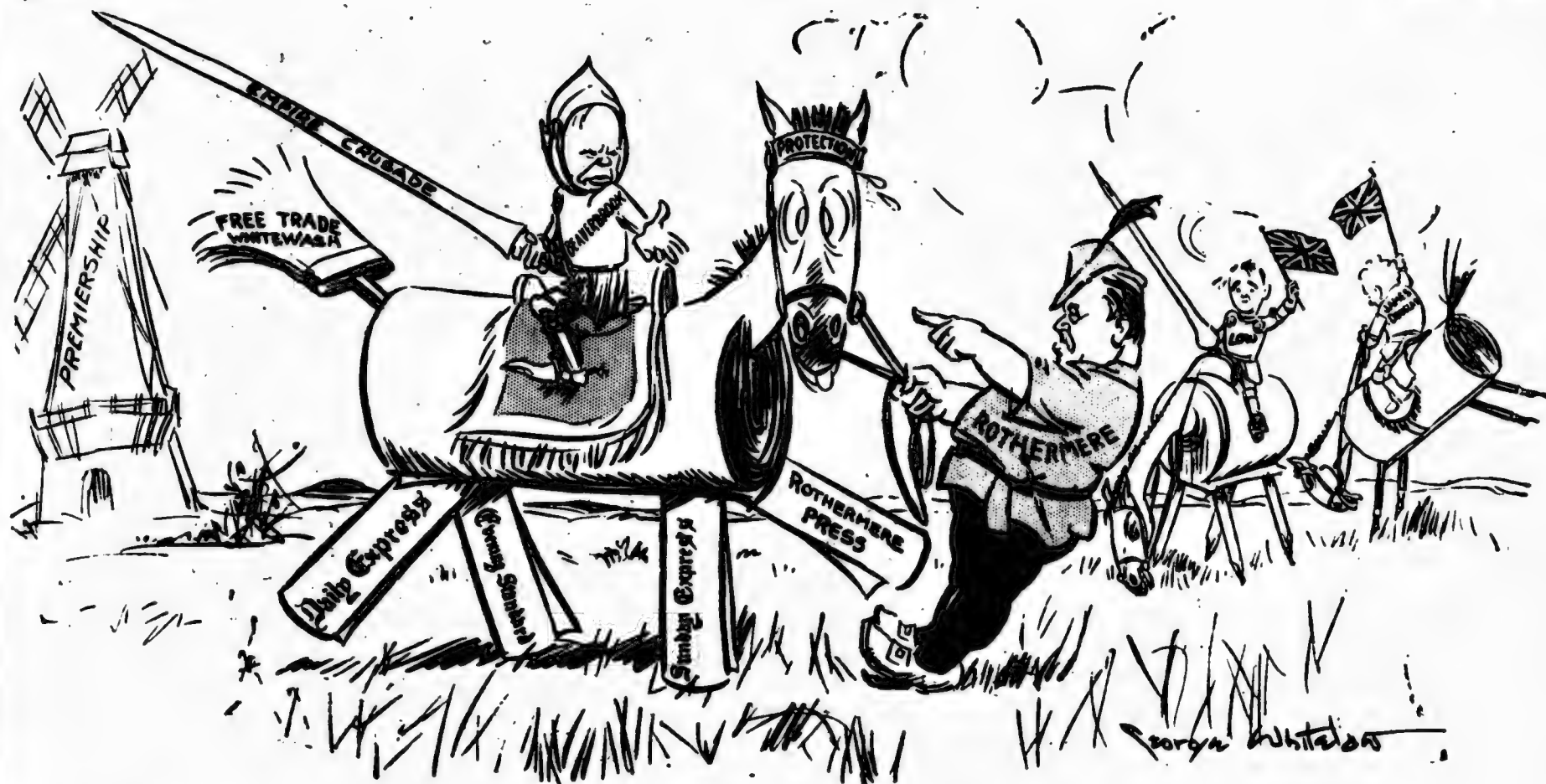
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Without Fear

or Favour

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The TWIN CRUSADERS' BID for POWER

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S so-called Empire Crusade has reached a stage when it may be taken seriously. Until recently one could have been excused for harbouring a suspicion that the crusade was one of the series of publicity campaigns which have been so brilliantly guided by the owner of the *Express* newspapers.

Now it is beyond doubt that the Empire Crusade has a more lofty object than the former establishment of a purely paper demesne. Lord Beaverbrook is aiming at the leadership of the Conservative Party, with its reversionary interest in the Premiership.

He has enlisted the aid of a redoubtable ally, Lord Rothermere, after long hesitation to give open support to his ambitious colleague, has now boldly declared his hand.

"I am, personally, urging him (Lord Beaverbrook) to come to the front in political life," he says, "and I intend to continue to do so. There would be a wonderful transformation here if by any turn of the wheel of fortune Lord Beaverbrook should enter within the next year or two 10, Downing Street as its master."

That is surely clear enough.

Now let us consider what are the prospects of this amazing coalition of Fleet Street giants meeting with success.

The first objective, the leadership of the Conservative Party, is not impossible of attainment. To capture the Party machine will be almost insuperably difficult, but not so the good will of the majority of the rank-and-file.

The latter are deeply dissatisfied with their present leadership. Lord Beaverbrook is no Pinchbeck. He has financial, political and commercial acumen amounting to genius.

BUT assuming that he was given the Party reins, what hope would he have of carrying the country with his Empire Crusade? None, we are sure, when Lord Beaverbrook's proposals came to be scrutinised publicly, elsewhere than in his own newspapers.

For Empire Free Trade really means Empire Protection. There is no question about that. It means, as now preached, a further extension of Imperial Preference by Britain, without any guarantee of reciprocity.

Our ports are open and free now to the Dominions. Their ports are not open to our produce, and are not likely to be. Only recently Australia fixed prohibitive tariffs against certain of our woollens and worsteds.

"If you want to supply us with goods," said Mr. Scullin, the Premier, to British movietone audiences the other day, *come and build your factories in Australia.*

Is that what is meant by Empire "Free Trade"? And Canada is of much the same mind as Australia.

It is significant, too, that Lord Rothermere, while supporting Lord Beaverbrook's candidature, is going the whole hog for pure Protection.

The late Conservative Government, with all its majority, took care not to introduce Protection. Mr. Baldwin thereby showed that though he may not have such brilliant qualities as Lord Beaverbrook, he is a wiser politician.

WE print on page 7 a very important, if guarded, statement by Sir Daniel Hall, probably the world's greatest expert authority on farming. Sir Daniel is a scientist and a practical man, but the scientist in him hesitates to give the industry the dressing-down which it deserves.

Forget it, Farmer
Conservatism is a mild word for the farmer's attitude. Nothing but a charge of high explosive will shift him.

Sir Daniel says agriculture may be saved by the more efficient use of labour and machines, by cheap fertilising, by co-operation in sales, and by large-scale enterprises instead of small farms.

The small farm as a business proposition is very nearly dead, and the sooner the small farmer sees himself as a possible foreman on a department of some big co-operative estate the better it will be for his own peace of mind and for the industry.

In that condition only will he be able to cut the comb of the middleman profiteer, who to-day laughs at his helplessness.

We shall see all the parties concerned sitting down at a conference this week in London, with the blessing of the Prime Minister—labour interests, farmers, and landowners.

Is it too much to hope they will all forget to whimper and get busy on the big idea?

WHERE are Britain's best and brightest salesmen and saleswomen to be found? In the leading drapery shops of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff, Newcastle, in the enterprising houses of the West End of London, and the co-operative stores.

Heavy Heads

forty-eight a week.

That is no philanthropy. It is good business. They are well fed and happy; they do their work with zest; they await with keen interest the statement which shows that sales are "up" or—perish the thought—"down."

We are not sketching a commercial Utopia; but we do venture to compare this happier state with the positive misery—nay, enslavement—which is the lot of the majority of our two million shop-assistants.

There have been six commissions on shop hours, and so it may be taken that nothing valuable has been done. Take the facts:

In the grocery trade of Britain 43 per cent. of girls aged sixteen receive less than 15s. a week for over fifty-two hours' work.

Other kinds of shops in London work their juniors sixty-nine to seventy-three hours, and full assistants put in seventy hours and unpaid overtime for 24s. a week.

A Newcastle-on-Tyne firm works its girls till nine o'clock each night and on alternate Sundays. At Stoke-on-Trent and Portsmouth young people work sixty-five hours a week.

NOT only are these employers grasping and unfair: they are blind to their own interest. Breezy, happy people with their wits fully alive, keen on their jobs, induce customers to call again.

These two million shop-assistants are potential trade-pushers. "Can't understand why business is falling off."

We can. The girls are listless and "catty"; the boys have no snap. Heavy heads and light pockets.

"Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the Recorder—genial, human, with a gift of racy anecdote"

THIS week the eyes of Britain are upon the Old Bailey, the Central Criminal Court of London, where Clarence Hatry and his associates will stand their trial before one of His Majesty's judges and a jury of their countrymen.

Every visitor to London is familiar with the grey-walled building just east of Holborn Viaduct, its domed roof surmounted by a gilded statue of Justice, blind-folded, with scales and sword.

It stands on the exact site of the old Newgate Prison, opposite the church of St. Sepulchre, Holborn, and the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, at the very gates of the historic City of London, about half a mile from the Stock Exchange.

Above the great main entrance is the stone-sculptured legend:

"Defend the Children of the Poor And Punish the Wrongdoer."

The wrongdoer may sometimes go unpunished, and the children of the poor remain undefended for want of money. But these are prosaic considerations. The thing looks well.

The vestibule of the Old Bailey is free to all comers. Up the marble staircase to the four courts, which are on a higher floor, moves a variegated throng, some with business there, prisoners on bail and their friends, witnesses, jurors, detectives, the ubiquitous Press, and young lawyers learning their trade.

There go criminals taking a busman's holiday, playwrights and novelists studying human nature in the raw, as well as the scores of mere sightseers and sensation-hunters.

Holy of holies

But there is no place in the country where it is more difficult to get a peep behind the scenes. Stern-faced janitors bar every entrance to the inner privacies of Britain's chief criminal court.

The hidden parts of the Old Bailey are the sacred preserves of the lawyers, who, in the interests of justice, are allowed wide privileges denied to the general public, and even to the Press.

There is a narrow door in Newgate Street which admits only barristers and judges. Through a glass panel a policeman keeps watch, allowing only those he knows by sight to enter, unless their credentials are above reproach.

This is a good vantage-point from which to take stock of the principal actors in the melodrama of the criminal law.

First, there are the regular judges of the Central Criminal Court—the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, and the Commissioner of Assize—these appointments being three choice plums of the legal profession.

Fateful figures

The City Corporation has these important offices in its gift.

The present Recorder is Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., who made his name as a criminal lawyer in the Peasenhall murder trial.

Formerly reputed the best dancer in London, Sir Ernest is a charming person to meet socially—genial, human, with a gift of racy anecdote, enjoying life with a gay and infectious zest.

The Common Serjeant is Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., the



Mr. Roome—tall, spare, ascetic-looking



"Mr. Birkett, K.C., whose rise to fame will rank with the classic romances of the Bar"



"Doyen of Old Bailey reporters, Mr. Hugh Soulsby"

sole surviving son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, a capable, painstaking, and humane judge.

As against the Recorder's salary of £4,000 a year, the Common Serjeant, who performs very similar judicial duties, draws £3,000.

The Commissioner of Assize, Judge Holman Gregory, K.C., is a newcomer. Beyond doubt an able judge.

None of these regular occupants of the Old Bailey Bench will try the Hatry case. For the most important trials a judge of the King's Bench Division attends at the Central Criminal Court.

A lift carries judges and counsel from the little entrance-hall with the glass-windowed door to the upper floors.

Behind the courts are the judges' retiring-rooms, cosily furnished apartments with oak-paneled walls, sumptuous leather chairs, thick carpets, every appurtenance of luxury and ease.

Here the judges take their lunch, with such guests as they choose to invite. Sometimes the Lord Mayor attends, usually the Sheriffs, frequently one or more of the City Aldermen.

Over lunch

The Corporation jealously guards its reputation for hospitality. Food and wines are both excellent. Humorous old lags, who understand the customs of the Old Bailey, say that they feel easier in their minds if their sentences are to be promulgated after lunch!

During the morning session, the ushers of the courts may often be seen handing notes to certain of the barristers.

If the recipient is a King's Counsel or a prominent member of the Treasury Bar—the selected counsel who prosecute for the Crown in important cases—the message is probably an invitation to take lunch with the presiding judge.

Sometimes there is a "thrill" for a junior barrister, invited to "come round" after he has lunched at the Bar mess to partake, in august judicial company, of coffee, liqueurs and a cigar.

In each of the four courts at the Old Bailey a staircase from the dock leads down to the prisoners' quarters. At the foot of the stairway is a heavy, iron gate, which shuts with a clang and locks with a rasping grind.

The cells, used merely for the detention of prisoners during their trial, are scrupulously clean, but nakedly comfortless; rather like empty, white-tiled bathrooms.

In width, they might accommodate three men abreast; in length, there might be room for six or eight.

There are no easy chairs, no fires, no embellishments of any kind. One short plank to sit upon, and a heavy, locked door with a spy-hole, through which the warder on duty in the corridor may peep in passing to and fro.

Barristers and solicitors, if they choose, have the privilege of interviewing prisoners in the cells or in a barely-furnished conference-room, under the strict surveillance of the warder on guard.

But it is pleasanter to watch the barristers at lunch in the Bar mess upstairs.

It is a democratic affair, this lunch of the lawyers, rather like the Army, all equal within the mess, some standing up round the "coffee-wagon"—a snatch-buffet arrangement.

Jovial side

Others sit at the tables, anyhow, anywhere, no kind of formality or precedence, the newest junior side by side with the King's Counsel earning £10,000 a year.

Among the most popular of the crowd is Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., the leader of the Old Bailey Bar (who will defend Daniels), generally the central figure among the group at the coffee-wagon.

Among barristers he is "Curtis" to everyone; casually overhearing, you would never imagine he had a second name.

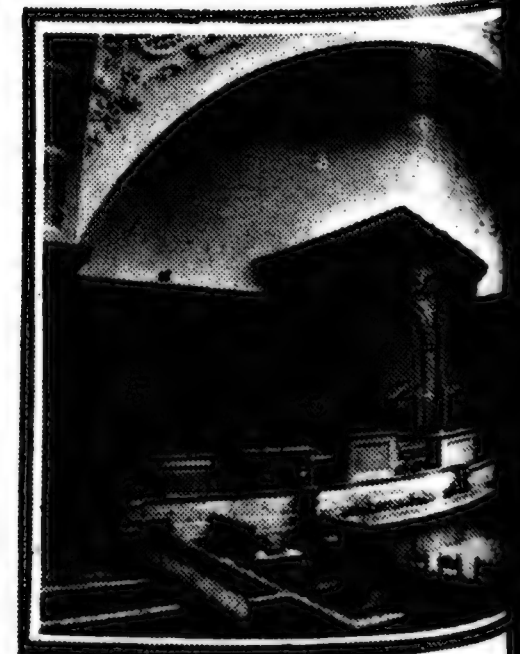
A jolly, Falstaffian figure, deeply versed in the criminal law, with the rules of procedure and evidence at his finger-tips, acute, eloquent in the Old Bailey style,

a bit of a Buzfuz when he likes, but with no malice, no acerbity, as clean and chivalrous a fighter as any opponent might wish to meet.

Like the late Marshall Hall, Curtis Bennett dislikes prosecuting, and is far more often briefed for the defence. Concentrating upon criminal work, he has won innumerable verdicts from Old Bailey juries.

No King's Counsel is more "at home" in the Central Criminal Court.

His "opposite number" is Mr. Percival Clarke, chief of the regular prosecuting counsel, irreverently known as "the Treasury gang."



"Where Clarence Hatry and his associates with glass walls . . . on the right the"

Scenes at BAILEY

"A 'Junior star' of the first magnitude, Mr. St. John Hutchinson"

"Khaki" Roberts played Rugby football for England

Son of Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., of historic memory

"Holman Gregory, K.C., beyond doubt a able judge"

Small in stature, with a stocky figure and set, determined jaw, "Percy" Clarke, though in private life one of the most amiable of men, is a terror to evil-doers.

But in the Bar mess Percy Clarke can crack a joke with the best of them. He no more enjoys torturing a lying witness or flaying a guilty criminal than a surgeon delights to inflict pain. But it is his job, and there is the end of it.

Criminals bear him no malice. They talk of "Percy" Clarke with the friendliest esteem.

He is a son of Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., the Marshall Hall of an earlier generation; in the opinion of many competent judges, a more powerful advocate than any practising at the present day.

The second man in the Treasury team, Mr. H. D. Roome, is making a great reputation for himself, and will be one of the counsel for the prosecution in the Hatry case. He has a wonderful grasp of figures, which is probably why he was entrusted with the preliminary handling of the case.

Boxer barrister

Unlike most criminal lawyers, who are apt to become case-hardened, Mr. Roome seems positively shocked at the amount of wickedness he finds in the world.

Tall, spare, ascetic-looking, and with an air of diffidence both in manner and speech, he needs only a soft black hat and a dog-collar to look like a curate.

But these appearances are deceptive. More of the spaniel, perhaps, than the bull-dog; but spaniels can bite.

The other Treasury juniors are Mr. Eustace Fulton, Mr. G. B. McClure, and Mr. G. D. Roberts.

Of these the most picturesque figure is "Khaki" Roberts, as his friends call him, who played Rugby football for England, and has won distinction as an amateur boxer.

His features bear the marks of his sporting days. Habitual criminals have been heard to declare

that they would as soon meet him at the Old Bailey as in the roped ring.

It remains to mention the Attorney-General, Sir William Jowitt, K.C. (leading for the Hatry prosecution), and the Solicitor-General, Sir James Melville, K.C., Law

Officers of the Crown.

Neither Sir William Jowitt nor Sir James Melville has had much recent experience in criminal work.

In an equal contest Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., Hatry's leading counsel, whose rise to fame will rank with the classic romances of the Bar, would be a match for either of them.

With Mr. Birkett is Mr. St. John Hutchinson, a junior "star" of the first magnitude, already rivalling Curtis Bennett both in ability and avoirdupois.

As a criminal advocate, Mr. Hutchinson shares his leader's supreme gift of persuasiveness, not mere surface plausibility, but the knack of getting a jury to think that the view he presents for their consideration is the only view that can reasonably be held by intelligent and experienced men.

This is Mr. Birkett's way—no tub-thumping, no theatricality, no fireworks.

"Really, ladies and gentlemen, this is a very simple case if we can only divest our minds of prejudice and look the evidence squarely in the face. You and I, members of the jury, as upright citizens, as parents, as taxpayers, can have no sympathy with crime. But—"

And very often that "but" is the key to liberty for the prisoner in the dock.

Spice of humour

Mr. St. John Hutchinson, too, possesses this faculty of persuasion, the air of sweet reasonableness, with just the spice of genial humour which puts everyone in a good temper, including the judge, who in his "summing-up" to the jury has the final, often the fatal, word.

The same gift, in a lesser degree is possessed by Mr. Walter Frampton, a barrister who, although the stately "K.C." is missing from his name, earns an income envied by many King's Counsel. He will defend Dixon.

The general run of barristers at the Old Bailey, some fifty or more in regular attendance, prosecute

All set for the Hatry trial

or defend prisoners impartially. There is this salient difference, however. In every case it is arranged that the prosecution shall be in the hands of a professional advocate paid out of the rates, but very often the poor prisoner, with no funds to fee counsel, has to shift for himself.

Then, for the benefit of poor prisoners, there are dock briefs, or "dockers" as they are called at the Bar.

Wigs on!

Provided an accused person can muster the sum of £1 3s. 6d.—a guinea in legal reckoning—he is entitled to call upon any barrister he sees in wig and gown to champion his cause.

Busy practitioners, who do not aspire to this class of work, take care to be absent on such occasions. A special ruling of the Bar Council forbids them to remove their wigs so as not to be "seen."

How many of the public succeed in entering the Old Bailey when a great trial proceeds? Very few.

Privileged persons are able to obtain tickets from the Under-Sheriffs, admitting them to seats reserved for spectators on the ground floor, around and behind the prisoners' dock.

Others must "queue up" for the public gallery, accommodating only eighty or a hundred people.

Let us look at the court as it is set for a celebrated trial.

The judge in scarlet and ermine takes his seat.

There is the raised dock, with glass walls to the level of a man's shoulder; into it the prisoners are marshalled, standing for the charge.

Soft-footed ushers in black gowns, with square flaps between their shoulders like sailors' collars, move hither and thither, handing up documents to the Bench.

Just beneath the Bench sits the Clerk of Arraigns, who in the Judge's Court is the Chief Clerk of the Central Criminal Court, the position filled with high distinction by the late Sir Herbert Austin, whose tragic death by his own hand took place only last year.

Joy and anguish

The present Clerk of Arraigns is Mr. W. W. Nops, LL.B., a barrister, and the Deputy-Clerk is Mr. Graham Grant, a lieutenant-colonel, a member of the Bar, and a qualified medical man.

The Press, as representing the millions of public who demand to know what is happening, are squeezed in a narrow, comfortless bench, which at most holds six people.

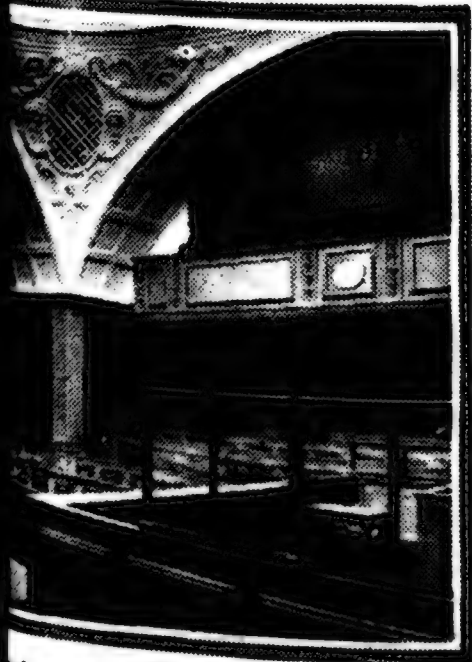
The doyen of the Old Bailey reporters is Mr. Hugh Soulsby, of the *Times*, who for thirty years has attended every important criminal trial.

His colleague for seventeen years is Mr. Charles Cutler, of the Press Association, whose reports of every big trial are read by many millions all over the world.

The reporters will be busy with their pencils. Within a time to be measured by seconds, the telephone wires will be humming with the news.

For inside these grim walls hearts burst with joy or break with anguish almost every hour of every day that the courts dispense justice in the King's name.

Aloft, blindfold Justice towers over busy London.



and their trial . . . There is the raised dock gallery holds less than a hundred"

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"That she had
been startled was
visible in her large
dark eyes. . . ."



Illustrated
by Edgar
Spenceley

THE

I heard the closing of that window
behind the shutter and felt a firm tug
at my arm. Mostyn was drawing me
away toward the car.

"Something dreadful is happening
there," I said. "But what can we
do?"

"Shut up!" I heard Mostyn whis-
per forcefully. "Get in. Now. Drive
on, quickly."

This seemed all wrong; but the place
was barricaded, we had been ordered
away, and we had not the slightest
authority to interfere.

"Now stop," urged Mostyn as we
turned into the road, well out of
sight.

"What are you going to do?" I
asked, pulling up.

"That depends," replied Mostyn.

"On what?"

"On why the woman screamed."

"But how can you find out?" The

place is all fastened up," I protested.

"I'm going back to find out," he
answered. "Coming?"

ALREADY the door at his side of
the car was open. We got out.

I left the engine running be-
cause of the cold. As we crept back up
that dark avenue I tried to view our
position sanely.

We were in one of the most remote
parts of France. A woman had
screamed in a house of which we knew
nothing.

Our intentions, which in any case
were vague, might easily have been
misconstrued, and the bearded man
had already threatened to put the
police on us.

On the other hand, no man worth
his salt could calmly drive off if he
believed a woman needed help.

Without the glare of the car's head-
lights on it the house now looked oddly
forbidding. We could just discern its
outline, black and gaunt, with light
flickering from two windows.

One of these was on the ground floor,
the other being some distance from the
ground.

Mostyn put a hand on my shoulder
and pointed.

The house did not look
inviting in the glare of
the headlights, but we got
out of the car and rang the
bell. Nothing happened, so we
rang again, and finally ham-
mered on the panel.

At last there came the scraping
of a lock and a bolt and the door
was opened a few inches. Peering out
at us were two beady eyes over a mous-
tache and black beard, the owner of
which addressed us curtly:

"What is it?"

I explained briefly in my best
French, and begged for some sort of
shelter until morning, but it was in-
stantly apparent that our quest was
hopeless.

"Certainly not!" he snapped, and
banged the door in our faces.

Mostyn chuckled; but thinking the
bearded fellow was needlessly afraid
that we were thieves, I knocked at
the door again.

Presently his voice came through the
shutter of a window on the ground
floor.

"If you do not go away I shall
telephone for the police!"

"How many kilometres is it to the
next village?" I asked, realising that
after all, so far as he knew, we might
have been a couple of cut-throats.

But we never heard his answer, for
just then there fell on our ears a
long, piercing scream.

It came from somewhere within the
house. I can distinctly recall the
effect of that sound upon me. I felt
a curious tingling and icy cold, nor
was I capable of speech or movement
for a few seconds.

ONE night early in January,
1928, I was driving over
the snow-covered French
Alps when my car de-
veloped magneto trouble.
With me was a young
barrister who is now
practising in London.

rapidly heading for success. For
convenience I will call him Mostyn.

I was bound for the shores of the
Mediterranean, where I spend each
winter, and Mostyn had come with
me just for the pleasure of the run,
intending to return to England by
train after a couple of days' run at
Monte Carlo.

It was intensely cold. We had
somehow lost the main road, were by
no means sure of our whereabouts,
and in any case were many miles from
the nearest town, which happened to
be Chalon-sur-Saône.

At about ten o'clock we caught sight
of a flickering, distant light. It came,
we discovered, from the window of a
house set back amongst trees, about
a hundred yards from the road.

I was conscious of profound thank-
fulness, and steered up the private
drive, noticing that a few flakes of
snow had begun to fall.

Real Life Stories

by famous
Authors

I've got an idea that she's up there," he said in a low voice. "But if you call me! I agreed. But if you call me and that man hears you, you can't be surprised if he uses a shot-gun." Mostyn followed Mostyn as he approached the house. He put out his hand. It was too dark to see much, but he drew attention to the fact that a fairly thick pipe ran down the side of the house.

The full seriousness of our position dawned on me when I realised that my companion was beginning to climb the pipe.

"Stand back in case I fall," was all he said. Presently I saw the shape of a head against the light. By now my curiosity was as great as his, but I was not sure that I should have had the audacity to do what he did next.

The tapping of his knuckles on the wall told me that we were in for something, though neither of us had the faintest idea what.

Suddenly the blind was drawn and the window there appeared the face of a girl. As her back was toward the lamp I could not see her clearly. Mostyn beckoned her to open the window.

Instead, she turned round and opened the lamp, so that it shone on her face as he sat on the window-sill. Incidentally it illuminated hers—curiously interesting face, particularly in that somewhat theatrical setting. He was not more than twenty-two

gan to slope slightly downward, whereupon the car instantly leaped forward and we were soon beyond pursuit.

We travelled several miles, however, before I ventured to pull up and take stock of the situation. Apart from the fact that our curiosity was intense, I was wondering what on earth we were going to do with the girl.

MOSTYN had offered no suggestions. The only thing I had heard from him so far was a rich chuckle.

"And now, mademoiselle," I said when the car came to a standstill, "will you please tell me where you want to go?"

"I wish to get back to Paris," she explained in excellent English. "You see, I speak your language."

"Very well," said Mostyn, as if she had merely asked for a cigarette, "we'll drop you there. Meanwhile, forgive me for asking, but I do hope that amiable individual we saw has not hurt you."

She turned to Mostyn and regarded him carefully, then looked at me.

"It was wonderful of you both to have done this," she said slowly at last. "I am not sure, but perhaps I should never have left that house alive if you had not helped me to escape."

"Was it you who screamed?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully. "I was terribly frightened, and I heard someone knocking at the door. That

was the only way I could attract attention. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you both."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mostyn, as if rescuing girls from danger on the tops of snowy mountains was an every-day occurrence.

"Is there any reason why I should not call there afterwards and punch his head?"

BECAUSE Mostyn so obviously meant it, she smiled faintly, but shook her head.

"Perhaps he might shoot you, and that would be dreadful."

"But how did you get into such an unpleasant position?" I asked.

"That man wishes to know something which I shall not tell," she answered, and her whole expression altered. Her little chin was set firm and her eyes narrowed.

Sensing that I was going to question her further in my matter-of-fact way, Mostyn gave me a significantly ugly look, and I understood. If there was something that she wished to hide, it was not for us as knights-errant to force her confidence.

Quite clearly she was a girl of considerable position, exquisitely though quietly dressed.

"This engine is running very badly," I said, "but I hope we shall get to Chalon to-night. There are decent hotels there. I hope that will suit you. We can make plans in the morning for your safe return to Paris."

"Thank you, thank you," she said. "You are very kind."

I started the car again and we went on. Every time we came to an upward gradient I feared the engine would let us down altogether, but luck was with us, and we reached Chalon at one o'clock in the morning.

The girl bade me good-night with a sweet smile, but there was a look in her eyes that I could not fathom when she shook hands with Mostyn.

After all, it was he who had actually rescued her, but I felt there was something more than mere gratitude in her attitude towards him. And Mostyn was by now pretty well in love with her. That much was obvious to me, so she must have been sure of it.

Suddenly, ignoring me altogether, she addressed Mostyn:

"I am a French countess by birth. The man whom you saw at that house is my husband. He is what you call a crook. I left him three years ago when I discovered the truth. He has since been in prison."

She paused for a moment and her lips quivered.

"He got me to that house by a trick," she went on. "I understood that friends of mine were there, but they were not. He asked me questions about a woman whom I love dearly. Had I told him what he wanted to know he would have blackmailed her ruthlessly."

HE will do anything for money. When he found I was obstinate he threatened me so terribly that I think his mind is unshaken. This explanation, at least, I owe to you in the circumstances."

Then she turned away. I went into Mostyn's room to talk over the amazing events of the night, but he would express no opinions.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"Isn't she wonderful?" was about all I could get out of him.

Next morning, to our utter astonishment, we were informed that the lady had already gone away by train.

Mostyn stared blankly at me, but said nothing. It was inexplicable. I knew, however, that he was not shaken in his conviction that she was wonderful, but he was unusually thoughtful during the next three days.

According to programme, he returned to England and, as usual, I remained on the Riviera.

During that drive to Chalon, Mostyn had given his card to the girl, and she had slipped it into her hand-bag. Let us call her Hélène.

When Mostyn reached London there was a letter awaiting him from her lawyer in Paris, together with a photograph of the girl, stating that our black-bearded friend had been murdered and robbed in that bleak house on the night that we rescued Hélène, and the police suspected her of murder.

Mostyn cabled to me and dashed over to Paris by aeroplane. To the police there he made a detailed statement, which sounded so highly improbable that he was very nearly arrested as an accomplice.

When I arrived in Paris detectives met me and I was subjected to the closest cross-examination. Fortunately our two accounts of what had happened tallied exactly, but the police were by no means convinced.

Our story, however, had raised certain doubts in their minds, so they intensified their search for the dead man's gold watch and chain, which had been stolen.

Mercifully the watch was found and the man who had sold it was traced. On being arrested he confessed that he was the murderer.

Three months later Mostyn married Hélène. But I still have a very creepy feeling when I wonder what would have happened if he had not gone back to the house where we heard the scream.

"THE LONG ARM,"

a True Story by

Douglas
Goldring,

Next Week



I was
lucky—

I struck Manikins
years ago, and
I've stuck to 'em
ever since.

Manikins are the real
thing—Flavour from light-
up to finish—The round,
mellow, satisfying flavour
that makes you feel good
when the world seems
blue.

And Manikins are easy
on the pocket—10d. buys
5—and your tobacconist
will know you for a
connoisseur when you ask
him for a packet to-night.

MANIKIN
CIGARS

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

5 FOR 10^D

All Tobacconists
Sell Manikins

Make
your own
Cigarette
& see what
you save.

ALWAYS
USE
A.G.
CIGARETTE
PAPER
BEST & PUREST

UNKNOWN

by HENRY HOLT

twenty-three. That she had been married was visible in her large, dark eyes.

Apparently the appearance of Mostyn to some extent reassured her, though in other circumstances would have been quite reasonable, for he is attractive enough.

After setting down the lamp, she hastened the window and slid it open a little way.

"Who are you?" she asked in a low voice.

"I heard someone scream," he exclaimed. "Can I help you? Do you want to get away?"

"I must, I must!" she replied, fear creeping into her voice.

"Then come on," urged Mostyn, "get a coat if you can; it's freezing."

She disappeared for a minute or so and then I heard her voice again, and Mostyn's. He was explaining that she must rip a sheet off the bed and

he held it while he held it taut. She caught hold of the girl and swung her down to the ground when a roar

came from above and the face of the man who had declined to let us appear at the window.

"Quick, quick!" Mostyn urged, taking the girl's hand, and the three of us blundered as fast as we could down the drive in the darkness.

It was then that I remembered with a thrill of joy that I had left the engine running.

Mostyn stumbled, and both he and the girl fell, but I helped her up, and as we scrambled into the car a shot was fired.

"Hold your heads down!" I shouted, jammed the gear in.

The car moved, jibbed, then began to increase her speed. She backfired but I heard the sound of two

parts that certainly were not back-

fifty yards further on the road be-



"We call it the stamina builder"

North Sea fisherman says "A good Quaker Oats breakfast puts new life into you"

THE galley of a Grimsby trawler in a gale is no place for elaborate cooking. Captain Hutton of the "Ranee" tells how fishermen rely on Quaker Oats for an easily prepared, sustaining, hot breakfast. "When you are out in the North Sea for a week or so at a time," he writes, "you have to have plenty of good, solid food to give you stamina. The finest standby is Quaker Oats. Lots of men in the fishing fleets here swear by Quaker Oats — we call it the 'stamina builder.'"

Quaker Oats gives endurance
The world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies. Perfectly milled by a special process. Nature's own delicious "energy" breakfast. Gives abundant energy, vitality, stamina.

No other food gives so much nourishment for so little money. Every kind of worker — hand or brain — benefits from having a Quaker Oats breakfast.

The quickest hot breakfast

A good, hot Quaker breakfast sustains, nourishes. Keeps out the cold and "stands by" you all day. Quaker makes all the difference to health and vitality — especially in winter, when the body requires extra warmth.

It's the "no trouble" breakfast. Quick Quaker, ready in 3 or 4 minutes, makes the richest hot breakfast the quickest and easiest to prepare.

Quaker Oats is easily digested, delicious economical. No other oats have the same creamy flavour and goodness. Two kinds — Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker. Both made in Canada. Sold at all grocers in two sizes — 4½d. and 9½d. per packet, except in the Irish Free State.



Quaker Oats
keeps out the cold

453a.

Experienced, well-paid operators can be depended upon in emergencies

THE appalling tragedy at Paisley urgently stresses the fact that an enquiry into modern kinema conditions is imperative.

In spite of the various appliances, safety devices, rules and regulations, the risk of panic in a disturbing number of kinemas is greater than it ever was in the pioneer days of the business.

And, outside London, few authorities would be prepared to state that all the excellent safety regulations in force in the Metropolis are being observed.

Audiences grow immeasurably larger in these areas, while the safeguards to human life remain inefficient or unapplied.

But easily the greatest scandal which could be put down without delay relates to the people who work in many of these theatres. From manager down to programme girl, employees, with few exceptions, are overworked and underpaid.

Pitiful wages

Except for a few well-known firms which give decent conditions, the kinema theatre business, in fact, is the most "sweated" in Great Britain.

We have before us the wage-sheet of a kinema theatre in a large Northern town where the total weekly payment for twenty employees is £20-10s. 6d.

The manager, for a six-day week, receives the comparatively large sum of £5, and the chocolate girls, for a weekly labour of thirty hours, 4s.

Four male attendants, who, we may presume, are responsible for public safety in the event of danger, receive an average weekly wage of 10s. 6d. each, and the cashier receives a similar sum.

The important post of assistant-operator is recompensed by a weekly salary of £1 6s. Female attendants draw 8s., while the three cleaners are more or less highly paid at 14s. to 17s.

In another Northern town kinema the manager receives £4 2s. a week and the chief operator £2. Two attendants receive 11s. and 5s. respectively.

But there are scores of cases where managers receive even a smaller wage.

They work from twelve to fifteen hours a day, six days a week, in a dingy, underground office containing no natural light, surrounded by bad ventilation and usually nauseating sanitary conditions, and in such quarters they spend the greater part of their day, including mealtimes.

In some of the large theatre circuits, if they leave the building during working hours they are summarily discharged.

Operators

These working conditions apart, it is obvious that the right sort of man, able to shoulder and discharge the grave responsibilities involved in the job, cannot be obtained at such a small salary. If he is obtained, then he is being disgracefully underpaid.

But conditions for operators are worse. Very many of them do not receive even a living wage, and are compelled to take on the extra work in connection with sound films without either extra assistance or pay.

There are actually kinemas in large towns like Glasgow where chief operators are employed at 30s. a week. The trade union rate for this class (C kinema) is 57s. 6d. a week.

In many instances these operators work a 72 to 90-hour week.

Assistant-operators are paid equally low rates, ranging from 10s. to £2 a week, according more to their age than to the extent of their duties and working hours.

Descending lower in the labour scale, we find that the position of the female attendants is, in many cases, so awful that it would be impossible to write the whole truth here.



Mr. James Welsh, M.P. for Paisley, is a crusader for better conditions in the kinemas

The Truth about

Kinema Panic

Girls are, of course, chosen chiefly for their good looks and smart appearance, and they draw in some places about 7s. a week for six days of duty.

There are super-kinemas, making a profit of not less than £600 a week, where the girls' wages are only 16s.

Work starts at approximately 10 a.m., and goes on until 12.30, when the girls have to parade in their uniforms to open the show. Except for an hour or so allowed for meals, the girls remain until the performance ends.

In most of the theatres they are compelled to stand during duty, and if they are caught sitting down, even during a slack period, the manager, afraid of the intricate system of espionage practised by his employers, is compelled to severely reprimand and sometimes discharge "offenders."

It is enough to say that such scandalous working conditions are not unfavourable to white-slave trafficking.

Male attendants and doormen are relatively as badly treated. When they are not in the front of the house in elaborate Duke of Plaza Toro uniforms, they are employed on duties like window-billing, cleaning brasses and windows, repairing seating, hosing carpets, and general handyman tasks.

They are invariably kept employed without respite from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. six days per week, on an average weekly wage of just over £2.

How expect it!

It is to these people that the public looks to enforce all the safeguards necessary in an hour of need.

Initiative and efficiency are expected of them, but the public may consider itself lucky if such qualities are forthcoming from such tired, sweated creatures when Dolores del Rio decides to burst into flames or go up in smoke in a crowded Saturday night house.

The big money corporations and their high profits and low wage scale have done much to abolish the type of well-paid manager. He is usually one of the personalities of a town, highly paid, a born showman, and a valuable aid to business.

His appearance on the stage in moment of panic has, on countless occasions, stopped the stampede at the doors. He had personality and grip. He was not bothered with a nerve-rack of endless clerical duty or monotonous confinement to a despotic office.

One word, usually a quip, would bring the audience in its seat, and the manager could be relied upon to support with suitable music to ease the atmosphere.

Such a man in days long past stopped a panic at a certain kinema in Liverpool when matters were undoubtedly serious. The hall contained rush-bottomed chairs, and was packed out one evening when the operating chamber burst into flames.

One broken arm

Before the lights could go up the audience were stampeding for the exits, but the manager's raucous voice from the stage calling for order diverted the rush for a moment. In the next the manager had the audience eating from his hand.

"I'm sorry for the smell up above," he began, "but the operator is trying an experiment."

The only casualty was one broken arm.

Conducted rationally, the industry making enough profit to secure efficient service and pay it sound wages.

The safety of the public rests mainly with the people who work in the theatre.

A Little Adventure Cruise



THE glorious days of adventure on the Spanish Main associated with Drake and other famous Elizabethan sea dogs are no more. That life on the high seas in that quarter of the globe is still not without excitement is shown by the following letter:

Richmond, Virginia.

"I've just been on a little adventure cruise on the filthiest mongrel of a boat that ever sailed the seven seas. The Panaminian flag, not at all indicative of our breed, trailed from our stern, and half the nations were dubiously represented amidships, as we lunged about the waters of the moody Caribbean.

"Chin (of the Officers' Mess) and I (of the Engineers' Mess) had frequent altercations because of a mysterious mix-up in the china of his galley and mine. Somehow a few used cups of the Officers' china were always found in my sink, and in the Officers' pantry the sink was usually a dirty mixture of Engineers' and Officers' china. After straightening out this cup mixture for the twelfth time, Chin and I declared a truce until such time as we should have discovered the secret use to which they jointly and nightly put our laboriously scrubbed cups. One evening's careful watch told us the story.

"Just behind the bottles in the Mate's cabinet was a large tin of 'Ovaltine,' and as he brought it out both Engineers and Officers hurried to their respective galleys, and came back loaded with purloined cups and spoons and hot water. The Chief Engineer brought out with great pride half a can of tinned milk—somehow stolen from under my very nose at breakfast, and the lot of them grouped about the centre table and began acting like small boys with stolen cider. And they were enjoying it just that much. It didn't take long the next morning to find where the Mate kept that cabinet key.

"Later we found that at least half the sailors kept a great tin of 'Ovaltine' in their forecastles, and still later discovered four tins of it in the bunks of the black gang. And in their nightly gambling the highest stakes they could lay were their coveted tins of 'Ovaltine.'

Interesting?

Sincerely yours,
W. S. Hutton."

P 590

WASH AWAY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR this delightful and easy way



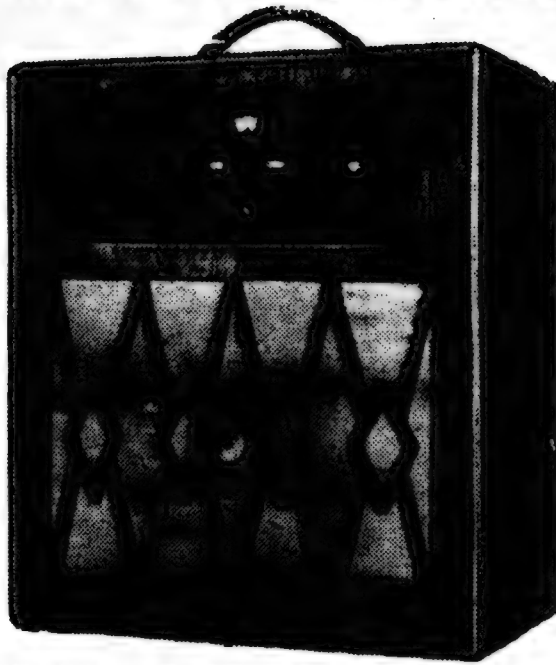
- 1 Apply Veet—a pleasant and really sweet-smelling cream—direct from the tube.
- 2 After a few moments, wash it off and the hair is gone as if by magic.
- 3 Leaves the skin beautifully soft and white without a trace of hair or shadow.
- 4 It is perfectly simple, safe, and pleasant to use. No unpleasant smell, not the slightest irritation.
- 5 Veet is used by over four million women in all parts of the world.

FREE

YOURS FOR ONLY 595 COUPONS NOW!

No waiting
while
collecting
coupons.

Get
Your
Set
First
and
Collect
Coupons
After-
wards



Plus 6 Gns. for
Royalty and
Value, or a
correspondingly
larger number
of Coupons.

Paris
Berlin
Hilversum
Langenberg
Madrid
Hamburg
Huizen
Toulouse
Cologne
Turin
Oslo
Stockholm
Budapest

This Great Advertising offer to introduce Navy Club Virginia Cigarettes is made possible by collaboration with the Manufacturers, who wish to popularize this their latest model. Guaranteed to receive all principal British and Continental Stations. Mahogany case. Single tuning dial. Mullard Valves. Equipped for gramophone pick-up, and all latest improvements are embodied in this set. Cuts out London with one simple turn.

**This 23 Guinea 5 Valve
"DENNIS" Super Portable
FREE to smokers of**

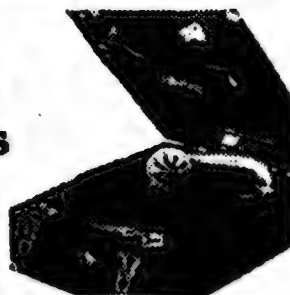
Of all good
Cigarettes
the BEST

Finest
Blend
you have
ever tried

Navy Club

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

This celebrated full-size
"CHELLOPHONE" FOR ONLY
Portable Gramophone in handsome, 295
strongly made case, best quality fit-
tings and lid pocket for eight records. COUPONS
Latest improved sound box, non-
spillable needle box. Exceptionally
strong motor. 3/- RECORDS FOR
You can also have the Gramophone 40 COUPONS EACH
first and collect coupons afterwards.



Many other valuable gifts from 10 coupons up.

Ask your Tobacconist for a packet of Navy Club
25 Coupons—Cash Value 3/6
FREE if you post this coupon



COUPON



Post in 1d. stamped envelope and enclose one empty
carton of Navy Club Cigarettes to

L. & J. FABIAN (DEPT. C.B.8),
74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send me 25 FREE Coupons, with list of
gifts and particulars of HOW I CAN GET
AT ONCE, without any cash payment what-
soever, the "DENNIS" Super Five-Valve
Portable and / or the "CHELLOPHONE"
Portable Gramophone with Twenty-Six
3/- records

AND COLLECT COUPONS AFTERWARDS.

I enclose one Navy Club empty carton.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ COUNTY _____

Branch of the
GENERAL TOBACCO
CO. LTD.

FIRST

BECAUSE OF THE FILAMENT



RESULTS—

the final test of a radio valve will prove to you the supremacy of the P. M. Filament.

Mullard
THE MASTER VALVE

Arts M.V.30



"Plenty of pocket room
in these overalls"

The people who make these overalls know what a man wants when he's working. They have got his pockets just where he needs them, big enough to carry all he wants, and I have never had a pocket ripped yet.

Tell your Milner to get you 'Lybro Easy-fit' overalls next time.

They are guaranteed to give satisfactory wear or replaced free of charge.

Your outfitter sells "Lybro Easy-fit" overalls in blue or brown. Insist on seeing the "Lybro Easy-fit" label.

"Lybro Easy-fit" Jackets . . . 5/11
"Lybro Easy-fit" Trousers . . . 5/11
"Lybro Easy-fit" Boiler Suits . . . 9/11

If unable to obtain, write for the name of the nearest supplier, to the makers, Lybro Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool.

Cut for Comfort - Made for Wear

LYBRO
EASY FIT
OVERALLS



It is not too late for the Registrar-General, Mr. S.P. Vivian, C.B., to make the coming census more useful

ALTHOUGH the date fixed for the next census of Great Britain is a year ahead, preparations are already in hand for the great counting of heads.

The United States will take a full census in a few weeks. British officials at Somerset House should profit by the experience gained in America—the biggest and most expensive counting of heads ever undertaken by civilised man.

Whitehall often loves figures for figures' sake; but a census on common-sense lines will not only employ those whose duty it is to pour out a constant stream of Blue Books, but also be of practical use to politicians, economic experts and advertisers.

Britain takes a census for various reasons. The census figures reveal the number of people living in town and country, the number of men who will require the old-age pension, the school accommodation necessary for the coming generation, the occupations in which men and women are employed, and housing conditions.

Time to alter it

But the last census, which cost £500,000, revealed little that could not have been determined more cheaply in other ways.

A census should provide a great deal more than facts and figures for the statisticians. On the skill of the men who compose the questions put to every head of the house in the country depends the value of the count.

It may be interesting and even useful, for instance, to know the exact number of so-called "surplus" women or the number of adherents of a certain religion. Yet it is more vital to know the number of people owning motor-cars.

A comparison of these figures with those of the number earning, say, £400 a year would give motor-car manufacturers an exact idea of the possibilities of the home market. This question is not asked.

Whitehall has always aimed at simplicity in its census questions. The forms are to be further simplified for the next count.

The number of questions is limited to six or eight, while in the United States a farmer may be asked to answer 300 or more queries, ranging from the amount of land ploughed by tractor to the average wage of the farm-hands.

Common-sense?

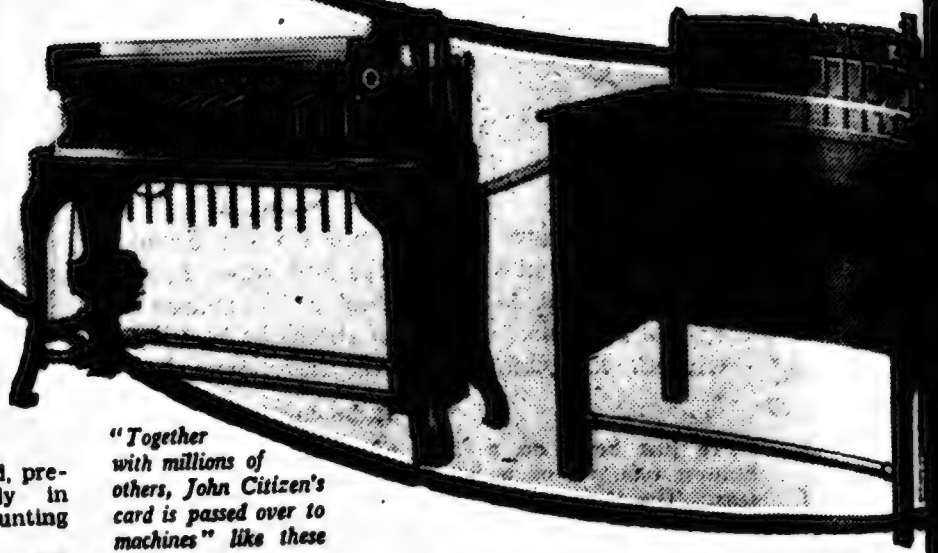
Whether in the case of a census simplicity is bliss is a debatable point.

In Britain the officials rely on the native common-sense of the head of the family to fill up a form.

In America it is necessary for an official to visit each man and fill in his answers, thus raising the cost of the work.

Before a census is taken the country is divided into "enumeration districts." For the last census there were 36,000 of these in England and Wales.

PUTTING SENSE into the



"Together with millions of others, John Citizen's card is passed over to machines" like these

CENSUS

Minor officials in each district are responsible for the delivery of a "schedule" to every home. Special schedules are prepared for hotels, clubs, prisons, the Services and ships.

A day early in April is chosen for the census, and the particulars in the forms apply to every man, woman and child spending the night in the house.

Two or three days later the schedules are collected and forwarded to the Registrar-General at Somerset House.

Once John Citizen is in the hands of the officials, he ceases to be a man with a home and a family, and becomes a series of holes and dots.

A code is used, each person being given a separate card, and the position and number of the holes, punched by machinery, indicate the sex, age, married status, birthplace and other particulars of the owner.

Together with millions of others, John Citizen's card is passed over to machines.

Sorters first place the cards into ten or twelve groups at the rate of 15,000 an hour. The machine is "set" so that cards bearing certain markings fall into various containers.

The separate groups may be again run through the machine to subdivide them before they are counted by a machine working at the rate of 20,000 cards an hour.

Wonderful process

Finally, the cards are tabulated, the tabulator not only counting the cards, but printing the results in accordance with the punched holes.

So John Citizen passes into the maze of figures quoted in White Papers and Blue Books.

The amount of labour saved by machines in taking a census is incalculable. When at any future date further information is required, the machines can be set and the cards run through again.

British census figures provide much valuable information, but they do not go into the detail of those of certain other countries.

In a recent census, for instance, United States shopkeepers, amongst other things, were asked to state their weekly turnover.

A short time later a large firm of manufacturers marketing an expensive article asked the census officials the average turnover of shops in a certain district. The cards were run

through the machines and the result was "About £15."

The firm had been employing salesmen at high salaries to try and get these shopkeepers an article for which the figures showed there was little demand.

If the question had been asked earlier, the firm would have saved itself thousands of pounds.

Manufacturers, advertisers, marketing experts would undoubtedly be prepared to pay for information of this kind were it available in Britain.

A competent census would undoubtedly be a great help to industry and might give the real clue to the unemployment problem.

It would also be of considerable assistance in town-planning and housing schemes, and would enable Ministers to build their legislation on facts rather than forecasts.

Trade tips

There is no doubt that a detailed census would reveal some astonishing results.

A preliminary survey of the economic condition of the United States, for instance, showed that 61 per cent of the population were living on the earnings of the other 39 per cent.

The cost of taking an elaborate census in the United States is about 2s. a head of the population, while in Britain it is a bare 3d. a head.

Economy is an excellent thing, practised in Whitehall, but the census figures could be made more practical and useful without additional cost.

While it is interesting to know, for instance, that the population of a city has increased by 50,000 during the last ten years, it is more important to know how those 50,000 are employed and on what they spend their money.

On an average, a salesman is successful if he makes a sale once in ten visits, largely because he spends a large part of his time trying to sell people who do not want or cannot afford.

A complete census would eliminate a large percentage of this wasted effort and consequently reduce the cost of marketing.

A really efficient and common-sense census of not only Britain, but of the British Empire, might well be the trade boom which has been so much talked of, but so little seen.

The Sign of a Good Apple



Canadian apples are available in this country from September to April. To be sure of getting them, look for the Maple Leaf price ticket as shown above—red background with green lettering.

Canadian Apples

BRITISH TO THE CORE

Healthy Legs for all!

What this Great New Discovery means to YOU!
Read convincing proof below—then write for
FREE SAMPLE of ELASTO and FREE BOOKLET

"No Sign of Varicose Veins Now!"

"How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years, but now, thanks to your wonderful treatment, there is no sign of varicose veins, and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 16, and yesterday I rode 40 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is only 5s. a month! I don't think that any woman of my age (45 years) should be without Elasto, quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me. I am pleased and grateful that Elasto came to my notice, and I thank you for your kindness."

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. WARELL,
Luton Lodge,
Luton Hoe Park, Luton.

"Elasto Puts An End To Wasteful Expense!"

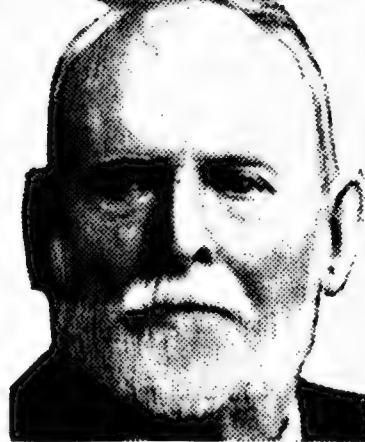
"I have great pleasure in informing you that your Elasto treatment has worked wonders. I have suffered for the last 25 years with bad legs, and I have spent pounds trying to get them better without result until I came across your Elasto treatment, which has cured me. Also I am better in general health. You have my permission to publish this letter for the benefit of other sufferers, as it is my earnest wish that others should know what Elasto treatment has done for me. I know there are thousands now suffering as I have done. I solemnly declare this is the truth I am sending you."

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. LORN,
1568, Walker Road,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Suffered for Many Years Now Completely Cured!"

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that your Elasto treatment has completely cured my varicose ulcers from which I have suffered for many years. I cannot express my great gratitude to you only by recommending it to all my suffering friends. Only those who give it a trial can appreciate Elasto."

(Sgd.) D. PARROTT,
59, King Edward Road,
Rugby.



What Is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15R.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD



CASSELL'S TABLETS OVERCOME INSOMNIA

20, Well Street, Ainsworth.

"I passed many a sleepless night and tried all kinds of things; but Cassell's Tablets gave me great relief. I can sleep well now and my work gives me no more trouble."

Mrs. L. Booth.

TOO TIRED TO SLEEP!

Sleepless nights? Too tired to sleep! Yet in the morning—more tired than ever. Be helped by experience, not duped by experiment! If Mrs. Booth had taken Cassell's Tablets FIRST, she would have saved months of misery and heaps of money! Why waste shilling after shilling on unavailing remedies? Why go on losing health by losing sleep? Thousands of testimonials, millions of sufferers testify that Cassell's Tablets cure when other remedies have no effect. Cassell's are the proved cure.

TAKE CASSELL'S FOR ANEMIA, NEURASTHENIA, DEPRESSION, FLATULENCE, NERVES, INDIGESTION. 1/6 & 3/- PER BOX AT ALL CHEMISTS.

Incredible SECRET SPORTS

SIX miners sat at a round table with their hands tied behind their backs. A nail was driven into the centre of the table, and to this nail was attached a long string.

At the other end of the string was a rat, tied by the hind leg. A seventh man stood up, and with a long stick stirred up the rat. The rat, duly stirred, ran frantically round the edge of the table.

As the rat passed, each man dived at him with his mouth open and tried to bite him. Most of them missed, but the second time round one man caught the rat by the hind-quarters.

Quick as a flash, the rat twisted round and bit him through his nose. The man howled, and squeezed the rat until it let go. The others shrieked with laughter. This was the cream of the fun.

The stirring-up started afresh, and the third time round a grey, grizzled, old miner, with a scarred face and a mouth like a trap, seized the rat in his teeth at the back of its neck and shook it like a terrier.

"Honourable" scars

Then he dropped it on the table. It was dead, and his mouth was full of its hairs.

Now this happened in Preston, Lancashire, and the writer saw it happen. It happens quite frequently, not only in Preston, but in Lancashire, and in the mining districts of Yorkshire, Northumberland, Durham and Staffordshire. It is one of the local "sports" of England.

The more scars there are on your face, the oftener your lips and nose have been ravaged by rats, and the more rats you have killed, the greater is your prestige as a sportsman.

The days of the fighting brindled bull-terriers in the Staffordshire Black Country are not so very long past.

There was a man of that district who for a prize would fight and beat a dog. He went into the ring on his knees with his hands tied behind his back.

The astounding thing is that he always won, though he bore the scars of his victories on his head and ears.

It is a curious fact that local sports—that is, those which have their roots deepest in the soil of tradition—are either extremely brutal or exactly the opposite, productive of the highest degree of training and efficiency.

For example, on the Cumbrian Fells, a meeting of shepherds is held each year, at which the fell sheep-dogs perform the most extraordinary feats of sagacity and intelligence in rounding-up sheep on the almost unclimbable scree and hillsides.

The sheep-dogs work almost entirely by sight. A wave of their master's hand or the crook of his finger is more eloquent to such a dog than a volley of words.

Hound-trailing

One can see a sheep-dog round up three hundred scattered sheep on a high fell, working swiftly and efficiently, with only an occasional turn of his head to catch the flick of the hand which meant more than five minutes' shouting could have conveyed.

Occasionally a whistle supplemented the signalled directions.

Hound-trailing is another local sport of the Lake Country. The hounds, most of them big, upstanding animals of the old-fashioned fox-

Human Rat and Dog Biters



"This 'sport' is the origin of the 'Dog and Duck' sign one so frequently sees on inn

hound type, start off from a given spot, and race up hill and down dale ten miles, over bogs and morasses, racing all the time, nose to earth, following the trail of aniseed that was laid earlier in the day by two or three long-legged fell shepherds.

These meetings, which are held annually in the autumn, attract visitors from all over the North of England, and are the cause of the keenest rivalry throughout the Lake District.

Most of the hounds are owned by working-men and shepherds, but a few are entered by the local squires and land-owners, who usually give the prizes.

There is a lot of betting on the hounds, and the excitement when the leaders come panting in is as intense as that when the first four horses in the Derby come up the straight.

The hounds' masters, the guides and shepherds of the hills hold another meeting of their own in July or August each year, in which they race over the hills themselves.

Mixed grill

Finally, in November, comes the great Lakeland Sporting Festival, at which hunting-men, shepherds, shooting-men and horsemen from all over the country-side gather on the hill above Mardale, and hold meets of fox-hounds, hound-trails, sheep-dog trails, clay pigeon-shooting, and wrestling-matches together.

At night the sportsmen and shepherds gather in the local inn, and hold an old-fashioned smoking concert. The glasses ring, the tankards bang, and "John Peel" is sung as only Lakeland lungs can sing it.

It is not a bit unusual to find at these meetings a mixture of humanity in which there is a bishop, a general,

a judge, a big-game hunter, half a dozen masters of hounds, and one or two well-known jockeys.

The evening ends with the singing of the hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," which the barking of the sheep-dogs is an appropriate chorus.

The local vicar winds up the proceedings with a service in the church, which for once in the year is packed to the doors and overflowing.

Camping

Probably one of the most brutal and senseless of all local sports belongs to East Anglia, where it is almost died out.

This is the game of camping, which pairs of sturdy fellows stand opposite each other, with their bare and hobnail boots on, and kick at each others' shins until one or the other falls down disabled.

A great deal of dexterous work, in which parry, guard and feint are employed almost as skilfully as fencing, is demanded for this game.

Years ago camping matches at Bungay, in Suffolk, at Beccles, near Norwich were so popular that hundreds of people went from all over Norfolk and Suffolk to see them.

Occasionally some of the players were killed, and finally the rate of mortality became so high that the game has almost died out. It is a loss.

Gradually, but surely, the local sports of England are dying, with the exception of those in the Lake District.

The causes in nearly every case are the same. Either the games themselves are too brutal, or the spread of football, cricket and cinemas has standardised people's taste in natural directions.

Poor duck

The historian will lament the passing of the old games, but common sense shows that in nine cases out of ten they were not fit to survive.

Who, for example, nowadays would see any fun in pinioning a duck's wings, and then chasing it round a pond with dogs, until it was either caught alive or drowned through sheer exhaustion?

Yet this, up to a hundred years ago, was one of the most popular sports in England.

Practically every public-house has its dog and duck pond, where the unfortunate birds were harassed to death.

This is the origin of the inn sign "The Dog and Duck," which one frequently sees.

Such sports are better dead.



SOMETHING
GREAT WILL
HAPPEN ON

MARCH 17



What couldn't I do to a lager!

He's got some lee-way to make up when he comes ashore! And he's found the right prescription for an able-bodied thirst. Lager! British lager, brewed by Barclay's. Lager with that joyous tang. Topped with fluffy froth. Winking and bubbling with heartiness. There's Barclay's light and Barclay's dark, the finest potations brewed on dry land.

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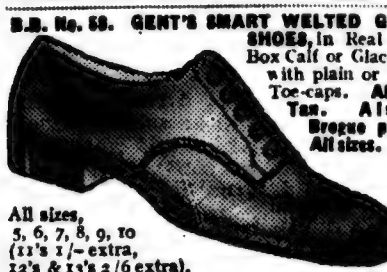
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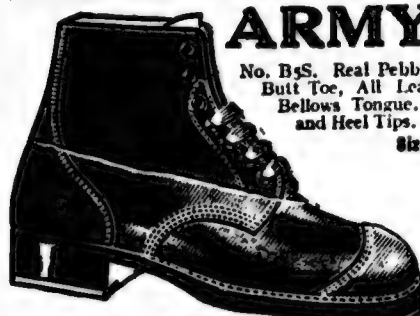
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Kill him!

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"Must I Expose My Son?"

MY lifelong employers are an old-established firm, and, as some might think, too old-fashioned in their methods, but they are kind and generous to their employees.

They show interest in our families, and when my son married they promoted him to be cashier and wages clerk, a very good position.

A few days after this appointment, which gave me such lively satisfaction, I had a knock-down blow.

My job was that of a traveller, for which I was supplied with a motor-bike. Coming in from the country one wild night my machine crashed into a ditch. A long and tedious illness resulted.

From this I am now recovered, but I am left a complete cripple so far as bodily activity is concerned, and my employers have come to the rescue with an inside job.

Thinking it would work out pleasantly for both of us, I now have a stool alongside my son in his office.

In consideration of my long service, my old scale of salary is being maintained.

To my horror, the mistakes I found during the first week's work were terrible. They were really too numerous and systematic to call mistakes, and after enduring two days of silent misery, I called at my son's home and saw him privately about it.

Then and there he admitted that ever since his twin children were born, with the consequent increase of home expenses, he had systematically robbed both the men and the firm by an ingenious system of what he terms "skimming" all moneys paid.

He realised the game was up, and promised, on his oath, that it should cease, at the same time intimating that he should rely on our relationship to keep my mouth shut.

THIS, up to the moment, I have done; but the misery of the secret is breaking my heart. I feel in a terrible position and don't know what to do.

If I tell, my son says he will rush abroad and his wife and children will never hear of him again.

On the other hand, if I hold my peace and the defalcations are discovered, we shall both be ruined.

"HUMANIST" says: Arrange for the head of the firm to be told the facts in your son's presence, and so prevent his carrying out his cowardly threat of flight. It is just possible he may be allowed to repay by instalments and so avert ruin.

Your son is obviously unfitted to have the handling of other people's money, and you must ask that he be given a chance in some job other than that of cashier.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

HE LOVES to eat

WE are very poor, my aged mother and I, living in the country. All the means we have are mother's old-age pension and a few odd shillings I can make by charring.

I pick up wood for the fire and try to eke out by growing a few vegetables in the garden in front of our unhealthy, tumble-down old cottage.

I have looked forward to marriage as one way out of our rather miserable state, hoping to see mother in a warm corner of the inglenook.

These hopes have been raised by the fact that for several years I have been courted by a young farmer in the district. He comes in every evening and stays to supper, and on Saturdays and Sundays mostly arrives in time for tea as well.

My mother is the most hospitable old soul alive, and would ask anyone to share a meal, even though next day it meant going without herself. But lately I have been worrying over this very one-sided arrangement.

Though my lover knows quite well how poor we are, he has never once given me even the tiniest present, and he goes on night after night and week-end after week-end eating up mother's food without ever offering the slightest return.

Though his people live quite near on

a prosperous small farm, he has once invited me to visit them and introduced me as his future bride.

He professes great love for me, and makes quite a fuss when coming and going, but holds off any definite arrangement for wedding.

In the circumstances should I be justified in giving him up or am I unduly impatient?

"HUMANIST" says: Stop his love and tell him why. That will prove whether he comes to see you or to feed.

You do not appear to be much love, and if you are only looking for a home, you must not expect too much from the other party.

SHOULD HE TELL his sweetheart?

FROM the time when I was a small child, father and mother were always quarrelling. Mother drank and got into debt, and father, instead of reasoning with me, trying to help her, became violent. Finally he took to drink.

Mother left us, and father seemed to go from bad to worse after this happened, and although he continued his work on the land, home was more unhappy than before.

At last I ran away, and suffered so much from cold that one bitter evening I "pinched" a shirt and went hanging outside a clothes-shop. I was sent to Borstal for three years.

I have tried my hardest to get on for I never wanted to be a thief, studied hard, and since leaving Borstal have secured a good job at my trade.

But here is my worry. I have met with a girl whom I love, and who has promised to be my wife, but who herself, coming of respectable parents, thinks mine is the same.

My father is lying on his death-bed, but every time I go to see him he tells me the story of the past, and tells me the latest thing he has heard to the credit of "that woman"—my mother.

My sister knows my girl, and told her of father's illness. In her tender-heartedness she is always wanting to go with me to see him.

BUT she cannot do this without sooner or later hearing of my Borstal part. So am I not right in making excuses to prevent this and my father meeting?

"HUMANIST" says: I appreciate your desire to forget the unhappy past; you will be very foolish if you do not confide in your intended wife.

If she loves you, she will sympathise and try the harder to make up for what you have suffered. But if she leaves her to find out by accident, she will feel she has been deceived.

Jock Rutherford 'TWIXT CUP and LEAGUE

Matches played on January 18

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—Division I.
BIRMINGHAM v. Sheffield United.
Bolton W. v. Manchester City.
BURNLEY v. Arsenal.
Everton v. Derby C.
GRIMSBY TOWN v. Blackburn R.
LEEDS UNITED v. Huddersfield.
LEICESTER CITY v. Newcastle U.
MANCHESTER U. v. Middlesbrough.
SHEFFIELD WED. v. Aston Villa.
SUNDERLAND v. Portsmouth.
WEST HAM U. v. Liverpool.

Division II.
Bradford City v. Bradford.
BRISTOL CITY v. Charlton A.
CARDIFF CITY v. Stoke City.
Millwall v. Chelsea.
NOTTS COUNTY v. Reading.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Notts Forest.
PRESTON NORTH END v. Hull City.
Southampton v. BURY.
Swansea Town v. Wolverhampton.
Tottenham Hotspur v. BLACKPOOL.
WEST BROMWICH v. Barnsley.

Division III. (South).
BOURNEMOUTH v. Southend United.
FULHAM v. Gillingham.
LUTON TOWN v. Watford.
Merthyr Town v. BRENTFORD.
Newport Co. v. COVENTRY CITY.
NORWICH CITY v. Crystal Palace.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Bristol Rovers.

Queen's Park R. v. Northampton.
SWINDON TOWN v. Brighton and Hove.
TORQUAY UNITED v. Clapton Orient.
WALSALL v. Exeter City.

Division III. (North).
ACCRINGTON v. Lincoln City.
CREWE ALEXANDRA v. Southport.
DARLINGTON v. Chesterfield.
HARTLEPOOL U. v. Doncaster R.
NEW BRIGHTON v. Wigan Borough.
PORT VALE v. Wrexham.
ROCHDALE v. Halifax Town.
ROTHERHAM UNITED v. Barrow.
Trafford Rovers v. South Shields.
STOCKPORT COUNTY v. Carlisle United.
YORK CITY v. Nelson.

SCOTTISH CUP.—First Round.
MOTHERWELL v. East Stirling.
ARBROATH v. Galston.
ALBION ROVERS v. Alloa.
Dalbeattie Star v. PARTICK THISTLE.
ST. BERNARD v. Third Lanark.
BUCKIE THISTLE v. Falkirk.
MURRAYFIELD AMATEURS v. Burntisland Shipyard Amateurs.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS.
SIX HOME WINNERS: Birmingham; Sheffield Wednesday; West Bromwich Albion; Bournemouth and Boscombe; Fulham; Plymouth Argyle.
FOUR AWAY WINNERS: Blackpool; Brentford; Bury; Coventry City.
FOUR DRAWS: Bradford City v. Bradford; Millwall v. Chelsea; Swansea Town v. Wolverhampton W.; Queen's Park Rangers v. Northampton.

Inverness Caledonians v. CELTIC.
Stranraer v. DUNDEE UNITED.
Raith Rovers v. ABERDEEN.
Dumbarton v. Cowdenbeath.
DUNDEE v. Morton.
C.B. STROLLERS v. Clachnacuddin.
Bo'ness v. St. Johnstone.
Mid-Annandale v. AYR UNITED.
AIRDRIEONIAN v. Dunfermline A.
HAMILTON ACAD. v. Stenhousemuir.
HIBERNIAN v. Leith Amateurs.
EAST FIFE v. Queen of the South.
CLYDE v. Keith.
FORFAR ATHLETIC v. Brechin City.
PETERHEAD v. Vale of Leithen.
KING'S PARK v. Bathgate.
ROYAL ALBERT v. Bellsh.
NITHSDALE W. v. St. Andrews United.
St. Cathbert Wanderers v. ST. MIRREN.
Inverness Citadel v. ARMADALE.
Queen's Park v. RANGERS.
Solway Star v. MONTROSE.
HEARTS v. Clydebank.
KILMARNOCK v. Paisley Academicals.
Falkirk Amateurs v. LEITH ATHLETIC.



Look for the Zebras. It appears on the tins of Zebo, and Zebra Paste, and on Zebras Packet Grate Polish

What's that?

Zebras? Yes, of course! There is a picture of one of us on the grate polish tins. What active animals Zebras are. Zebo is like that too — active and quick — lessening the time and labour required to produce the brilliant blackness you like. It may be a stove, a kitchen range, a drawing room fireplace or a gas stove which requires cleaning. Zebo will do it.

Zebo

LIQUID GRATE POLISH

BECKITT AND SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

What is Catarrh?

An insidious scourge—how to recognise it—its effect on general health—how to get rid of it quickly, pleasantly, certainly.

Doctors say that four out of five people suffer from some form of catarrhal trouble. Doctors say, moreover, that it is an insidious scourge, whose presence is often quite unsuspected by its victim but whose effects are all the more serious because they are consequently allowed to go unchecked.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses. This diagram shows how the catarrhal infection spreads into all the minute passages and channels of the respiratory system, till the inflamed tissues choke the tiny airways.



How to Know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill effects through the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

Having seen how catarrh inflames the membranes in all the minute passages and channels, it is evident that the only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. Obviously ointments cannot do this, nor can liquid sprays reach

more than the outer parts, while no stomach medicine can affect the passages of throat and nose.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes containing no tobacco, or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers, and called after the famous U.S. Specialist who discovered them, Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal troubles in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes reach every part that could possibly be affected.



How to Prove it.

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., etc., just send a post-card or the coupon below and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try. We make this offer in all sincerity and you would be wise to take advantage of it now, before this paper gets mislaid. When you have proved them yourself, you can get further supplies at any progressive chemists.

FREE Packet.

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.F.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name

Street

Town (Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

BLANFORD'S SALE

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT! HIGH-CLASS TAILORS' STOCK BOUGHT UP AT 50% BELOW COST.

We have bought up the whole of Joseph Carlton's (of Rochester) stock at 50 per cent. below cost. Take advantage of these great bargains which we are passing on to you.

"LEATHURMAC" RAINCOATS

for 1/- DOWN



Try a "Leathurmac" Raincoat. It will keep you warm and dry. It looks and wears like real leather. Made with real Indian fleece lining. This fleece lining is made fast to the Leatherette, so that the coat is comfortable, and is guaranteed to be warmer than any other lining. The coat is well made, double-breasted, with deep storm collar and cuffs, belt, and deep pockets. Doubly stitched to ensure hard wear cut for comfort and ease. Every coat is thoroughly tested before leaving our factory. The material used in this coat is the production of one of the finest manufacturers of Motoring Coat materials. In colours of Tan, Red, Royal Blue, and Apple Green for Ladies and Girls and in Black and Tan only for boys. Ladies' price, 21/-; 0.8. 46 in., 48 in. and 50 in., 2/6 extra. Boys' and Girls' price, 18/6. Send 1/- (no further payment is required until you have had the coat one month), and agree to pay 4/- per month. Also send your length and chest measure. WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH ANYTHING YOU WANT. SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

John Blanford

DEPT. J. B. R.

1, 3 & 5, BATH ST., CITY RD. LONDON, E.C.1.

WITH 10 DOUBLE SIDED RECORDS

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

5 NOW

We give you the choice of two magnificent instruments—a high-class Portable Model, or a magnificent Table Model. EACH WITH 10 DOUBLE SIDED RECORDS (20 SUPERB SELECTIONS).

TERMS Send 5/- now, stating clearly whether you desire the Portable Model, or the Table Model, & complete purchase in 13 monthly payments of 5/-.

THE GRAVES PORTABLE MODEL covered with waterproof leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, smooth running Motor, 12 1/2 Turntable, Speed Regulator, Magnificent Sound Box, Receptacle in lid for Records. Price complete (with 10 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS) **23.10.0**

THE GRAVES TABLE MODEL is of hand-crafted figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. All components of the highest excellence. Newest improved type of reproducer. Price (with 10 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS) **23.10.0**

CATALOGUE POST FREE. Horn, Horns, Gramophones, Cabinets, etc. Bargain Prices, and on Easy Payment Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

COMPLETE WITH 10 DOUBLE SIDED RECORDS

5 NOW

RESTLESS NIGHTS

caused by
ACID STOMACH

SLEEPLESSNESS and restlessness are frequently caused by a form of indigestion arising from excess acid which causes fermentation. While this goes on sound sleep is impossible, but the fermenting unrest can be quelled and peaceful stomach conditions restored by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after the last meal or before retiring. Whether indigestion is so severe as to be painful or just enough to cause restlessness, 'Bisurated' Magnesia, by neutralising excess stomach acid, preventing fermentation and soothing the irritated stomach lining, gives quick relief and induces refreshing sleep. All chemists sell 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1/3 a package in powder (mint or plain) or handy tablet form, and there is nothing better to relieve indigestion whether it disturbs sleep at night or causes discomfort during the day.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and ACIDITY.

COLDS ABOUT!

There are more Colds about! But you will not suffer if you use "Nostroline." Soothing, pleasant "Nostroline" stops infection at once. Get "Nostroline" immediately you feel a Cold coming on. It clears the air tubes, stops nasal discharge, relieves congestion. 1/8 all chemists.

YOUR NOSE NEEDS "NOSTROLINE"

Safety First!



"Safe as the Bank" John Bull
24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if forwarded in accordance with our Rules.

"YOU ARE ON"

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE
(Dept. J.B.),
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

NATIONAL HUNT SEASON
NO LIMIT—Win or Place.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS—
WINNINGS BY RETURN.

FOOTBALL
TEN LISTS.

6 Leagues, 5 Leagues, 4 Leagues, etc.
NOTHING BARRED
IN ANY LEAGUE OR
ON ANY LIST.

Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT
COUPON for fairest odds combined with
ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Our Letter Parliament

I AM a very plain woman. A short time ago my small son murmured in his sleep, and I hastened to his room. Drowsily he said, "Mummie, I've been dreaming of the angels." "Have you, darling; what were they like?" I enquired. "Oh! they were beautiful, Mummie, just like you," he replied.—*Vera Howie, Shrewsbury.*

A War Bond

When I returned from France in 1917, minus right leg and other minor injuries, I thought it my duty to release my fiancée on account of my misfortune.

Her reply was: "If you were good enough for me before you went, you are more dear to me now, as you have proved yourself a man twofold."—*J. D., Deal.*

An Englishman

Several years ago I resided in Cairo, and one morning I entered a tobacconist's shop.

The owner was a Greek. I asked for a packet of cigarettes, and tendered a 100-plastre note (£1).

The tobacconist said: "Very sorry—no change, monsieur. But never mind, you can pay the next time you pass."

Surprised with this reply, I said: "But you don't know me." Whereupon he replied, "No; but you are an Englishman, and that is sufficient."—*J. F. Pettis, Yorks.*

Every Week

Mine is a weekly compliment; it happens every Friday night.

My husband goes to work all the week on the rottenest job he's ever had in his life, hands over all his wages to me, and says it is worth it, as it keeps us and our home together.—*M. Davis, Birmingham.*

So 'Umble

A person came and said that he hated me, and that he felt like giving me a good horse-whipping.

Our amateur dramatic society had just completed the performance of Dickens' "David Copperfield." The person I have mentioned was so impressed by the show that he came to the back to give his congratulations.

He accosted me there just as I was donning the ginger wig of "Uriah Heep."—*H. Baskyfield, Staffs.*

Listeners Sometimes—

I was a boy of fourteen, and very proud of my first job in a grocer's shop.

One day I was left alone for the first time in sole charge of counter and till. As the boss entered the back room, I overheard the wife say, "Is it safe to leave that boy alone with the till?"

"Course it is," replied the boss. "He's all right."

I swelled with pride, and have never forgotten that compliment to my integrity.—*A. R., New Cross.*

Animal Trust

As I sat in a friend's house recently, a soft, warm, little body was suddenly placed on my lap, followed shortly by another.

On looking down, I saw that five puppies lay on my knees, whether they had been brought by my friend's bitch.

She gazed at me for a few moments; then, evidently satisfied that she could trust me with her family, went off on some errand of her own.—*"Certes," Devon.*

Stepmother

My stepson asked permission to invite a friend to spend the evening with us, and said: "Mums, do let him come. He has a thin time at home with only a stepmother."

The fact that I was "only a stepmother" had completely passed out of his mind.—*"Mac," Edinburgh.*

Odd One Out

I used to think that my husband took things as a matter of course, and got rather downhearted.

One day I was agreeably surprised

The GREATEST COMPLIMENT ever paid me

when he said: "Mate, you are rather a wonder, and it is a lick to me how you manage. I wouldn't change my life with the wealthiest man in the world."

And I had always considered myself the odd one out!—*E. Clarke, Sussex.*

Love and Agony

One evening a man was brought into my ward badly hurt, and it was found necessary to amputate his leg.

As he lay, half-dazed with pain, I crooned a snatch of an old love-song, and he half-opened his eyes.

A few days later, when the doctors were preparing to dress his wound, he turned to me, and said: "You'll sing to me as you did the other night, when I thought you were an angel from heaven."—*Nurse Nan, Leith.*

Forged Autograph

Some months ago Mr. Ivor Novello, the actor, was appearing at a certain theatre in this town.

One evening, after booking a seat at the theatre, I was walking away when a young lady stopped me and, holding up a notebook, said, "Can I have your autograph, Mr. Novello?"

Realising that she was mistaken, I did not like to disillusion her, so I signed the note-book.

It is probable that the same young lady may see this letter, and, although quite unintentional, I should like to thank her for paying me the biggest compliment I have ever had.—*Ivor, Aston.*

"Well Taken"

In a hard Rugby match against hitherto unbeaten rivals, the score was 5 points to 3 in our favour, with two minutes to go.

Then one of the opposing forwards, a great hulking fellow, broke away, and I was the only one to bar his way.

It was like trying to stop a tank; but I got him fair and square, and the whistle went. We had won.

The captain's handshake and his words, "Well taken, old man; no one else would have done it!" made me far prouder than any other compliment.—*Alfred E. Day, Harborne.*

Pennies from Tots

Every Sunday morning I do my meagre best to instruct a group of chil-

Race with "Silver Ring"

Windsor Winners

OLIVER CROMWELL and Sobrino at Windsor may help to settle some of the demand notes which persist in finding their way through the letter-boxes at this period of the year, and I shall not be surprised if Puissant does us a good turn.

A motto for Windsor is "Follow the favourites."

One does not expect good tips from bookmakers, but a layer at the Berkshire meeting advised me that they were the best investment. I took the tip and found it profitable.

The course with its figure 8 to be negotiated, is a trappy one, and the money is seldom down without reason.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 16, to Wednesday, January 22.

5 D C X P V E O 2 K T S N R Z
G Y B M F J 3 A W 9 U I L H Q

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life*, read the one above or below, as the case may be.

CHOJ3BHD would read BRAVE CRY.

"SILVER RING."

dren—all under ten—in a poor situation.

I never realised their attitude towards me until a recent Sunday, when a little girl gave me a small box and whispered: "A little present. We thought it were better." And all their faces glowed.

I felt somewhat unworthy and a little touched at the sacrifices they made in scraping together their copper—*"Maudie," Glasgow.*

Wonderful Woman

A few years ago I had an excellent situation—hours not long, salary good, and the work well within my capacity.

After a reorganisation of the business my position became superfluous, and I had to go.

When I told my wife, she gave me her opinion that without my services the days of the firm were numbered. It employed nearly a thousand people.—*P. A. B., Hayes.*

What He Wrote

When, the other day, visiting mother-in-law, she made me read a letter that she had received from her husband.

In it he had told her that I was a splendid wife and a very dear mother to our two children.

As he is a man who does not share his feelings, you can be sure I was pleased I felt.—*J. Hawker, Purbrook.*

Sure to Come

A friend contracted consumption, was compelled to remain in bed.

I determined to spend as much of my time as I could in his company, and up to the time of his death stayed with him every evening.

On one occasion I was detained very late at a meeting some miles away.

His mother was preparing to lock the door for the night, when he called from his room: "Don't lock the door, mother, he's sure to come."—*H. Gresford.*

Bouquets

I was "the Modern Miss" person. Some time ago an old friend said to me: "What a credit your home is! What children are to you now, dear? I thought you had it all!"—*G. A. B., Essex.*

When my wife said "Yes" to my proposal of marriage.—*J. F. T. Garth.*

A foreman once said, "Not so bad for you!"—*L. H., Rugby.*

"If it hadn't been for you, lass, I'd have gone under."—*M. C., Worcester.*

My employer told me that I should never succeed in business, as I was honest.—*W. A., Nottingham.*

I gave evidence as a police detective in a case of fraud. Counsel remained to his legal confrères. "A veritable Sherlock Holmes."—*"Paz," Southampton.*

As a shorthand-typist in a general office, the manager said that I never considered it necessary to dictate the letters he dictated to me, but only to add his signature.—*H. W., Birmingham.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Publishing." Letters must reach us first post, Tuesday, January 21.

The Death Penalty:
For and Against

NEW HAIR FOR ALL IN 1930

Radio-Activity solves the problem of Hair Growth—Baldness now a thing of the past

WONDERFUL FREE GIFT TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL"

Post Form Below which Entitles every Reader to Free Supply of the marvellous Radio-Active Hair Tonic, which has astounded the Scientific world by demonstrating that everyone can Secure and retain a Perfect Head of Hair at any age—Free from Curf—Falling—Loss of Colour, or any other defects which are present so prevalent and disfiguring to both men and women.

THE year 1930 has opened very brightly for all who have trouble with their hair, or rather we could say with the lack of hair growth those who are quite bald as well as even larger number of men or women who are afflicted with imperfect adornment and protection from falling hair—Scurf—Itchy Scalp—Itchy Baldness—Discoloured—Grey or White Hair—Stressless or Itchy Hair will afterwards in the year 1930 the year in which Radio-Activity, that mysterious and yet little understood but marvellous new discovery, conquered the bugbear of baldness in all its forms and defects.

**HAIR GROWN
BALD HEADS**

Fortunately the discovery of the Hair growing powers of Radio-Activity is to be confined to the wealthy few, its advantages are to be spread to

Hence the arrangement which has been made for every reader of this newspaper to have immediately a free supply of the remarkable new Radio-Active Hair Tonic which has proved so wonderful a way that hair can be grown again on Bald Scalps even years after all hope had been abandoned.

**GRAVE SOCIAL AND
BUSINESS HANDICAP**

The social and business handicap of baldness and grey hair is so great that the discovery is bound to rank as one of the most important steps in the scientific progress of the age. Beginning to look old as the result

of thinning or greying locks has hindered many a man and woman's chances of advancement, it has even cost numbers their very livelihood, owing to their positions having been given to younger-looking folk.

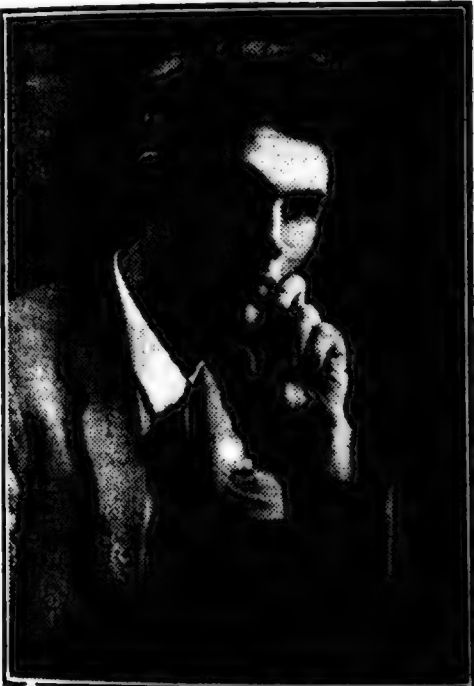
**PERMANENT YOUTHFUL
APPEARANCE**

This need no longer happen. A youthful appearance can be maintained always. Those who have already lost their hair or whose remaining locks are grey or even white have now the chance to renew their youth so far as all outward appearance goes. All that any reader of this paper need do is to simply fill in the Form printed below and forward it, to-day, to the Leading British Hair Specialist, Mr. Frederick Godfrey, of Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

**RECORD OF
UNFAILING SUCCESS**

He will then send to each, Free of Cost or obligation, a generous trial supply of the Radio-Active Hair Tonic which under severest tests has proved its unfailing success.

Our advice to all is: Write off at once and test for yourselves what Radio-Activity will do towards enhancing your personal appearance. We have every confidence as the result of hundreds of tests that no one will be disappointed. There have been so many attempts to solve this problem that some people have given up hope of ever renewing their lost hair or regaining the natural colour in hair that has perhaps, for years past been grey or even white. All these previously disappointed ones should take heart again and at once secure this 1930 gift of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, as well as Mr. Frederick Godfrey's advice. Under to-day's offer both are Free, and if afterwards it is desired to follow Mr. Godfrey's advice then the cost is quite small and the time and trouble required are inconsiderable—so none need hesitate. Our advice is: Write off to-day whilst the offer is open.



Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY, the leading British Hair Specialist, whose discovery of the value of Radio-Activity in relation to Hair Growth is one of the most important scientific achievements of recent times.

**When You have read these reports
You will know what this discovery
will do for you.**

YOUR HAIR CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER



This lady is delighted with her hair which is now in perfect condition after using the treatment I prescribed for her.

March 19th, 1929.
"I am really pleased with the results, as my hair is in a much better condition. After using the treatment for a short time the results are truly remarkable. My hair is at least twice the thickness since using your treatment."
Miss W.



Mr. G. O. had been bald for years, and yet has been able to grow new hair by following Mr. Godfrey's advice.

"I have received great results from your first month's treatment. The bald patches are covered with new hair which is quite long. The rest of my hair is in fine condition, as you will note on the photograph I am sending you, as I think you would like to see the results of your work."
C. E.

Werneth, Oldham.
"I am very pleased and highly satisfied with the treatment you have sent me. My hair is now normal again, and it is my wish that thousands will take advantage of your discovery. The Colour is also restored."
B. L.



Miss L.'s hair is certainly her "crowning glory," and in these days of short, undressed hair it is indeed a pleasure to see such a beautiful coiffure.

Feb. 6th, 1929.
"I must tell you there is a wonderful improvement in my hair. It has grown so thick and wavy that I like it much better than I did before I lost it, also it has quite regained its natural colour. I am more than pleased."
Miss L.



GROWTH AND COLOUR RESTORED.

**FOR NEW HAIR IN 1930
POST THIS FORM**

Entitling to FREE TRIAL SUPPLY of Radio-Active Tonic Hair Dressing. **SEND NO MONEY** SIMPLY ENCLOSE 3d. IN STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE AND PACKING.

Name.....
Address.....

My Hair Complaint is.....
I enclose 1½d stamps (value 3d.) towards the cost of postage and packing.
Post this Form direct to F. GODFREY (S. S. Special) Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.



Anzora Cream, for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillow. Anzora Viola is for dry scalps and contains a little oil of Violet. Sold in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

WEARY, DISTRACTED WOMEN

Many women pass their days in a constant state of weariness. They always feel below par, often have an aching head, a miserable pain in the back, and limbs that feel as heavy as lead. Is it any wonder that at times they grow distracted?

The whole trouble is due to bloodlessness, which causes not only pale cheeks and lips, but is the root of many pains and miseries from which women suffer. Lack of blood robs a woman of all her energy; she gets palpitation, becomes despondent and irritable, and loses interest in life.

But you suffering women should remember that all the miseries of anæmia can be banished by new blood. It is easy to obtain this by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills, for there is one important element in these pills that actually creates rich red blood. You can prove this for yourself by taking a course of the pills now.

In addition to creating new blood, Dr. Williams' pink pills contain ingredients that give new energy and life, and soon after beginning them you notice an improvement in your health. All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills, 3s. 6d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet of practical help to every woman. Write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

DELIVERED FOR 9/-



WITH 10 RECORDS
Crane & Sons Limited
LIVERPOOL

THIS magnificent gramophone with 10 double-sided records will be delivered free to your home immediately on receipt of 9/-. Hand carved oak cabinet, standing 38" high, has a double spring motor, runs 8 min. Sound-box of latest 1930 pattern giving crystal clear and very loud tone. Many other models to choose from. Portable, Table Grands, Percussion Cabinets, etc. All instruments on approval. Write for fully illustrated Catalogue No. 43.

Feather your nest with— "John Bull's" £500 must-be-won X-Word

HERE'S something for you to crow about. £500 cash must be won for JOHN BULL's fair and square Crossword. What a wonderful Nest Egg! Perch yourself in your favourite arm-chair—fill up the little white squares correctly and your pockets will be lined with gold.

An extra £50 for runners-up.

JOHN BULL will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 47 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), January 23rd.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), January 23rd.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 47 Entry Form "A."



JB-47

Do not separate these forms.
Entry Form "B."



JB-47

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED
ADDRESS

Closing Date Thursday (noon), January 23.

CUT HERE
N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.



Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 24th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 6th. Result of Crossword No. 44 appears on Page 36.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early

Clues Across.

1. Symbol of office.
5. A slight.
8. Depend.
9. Shot at in shooting gallery.
11. Part of verb "to be."
12. Bad mistake.
13. Opposite to South.
15. Extremity.
16. Mightier than the sword.
19. Reposing.
21. Rage.
22. Be seated.
24. Accumulated money.
25. Carries luggage.
26. A plant.
28. An age.
30. Human organ.
32. Sketch.
33. Always.
34. Run away.
35. Marked with dents.
36. Sometimes blow up.

Clues Down.

1. Used for raising things.
2. Brave man.
3. On the look out.
4. Flavoured.
5. Water carelessly spilled.
6. Employed.
7. Scarcely.
10. Lower part of the back.
14. Beverage.
16. Favourite animal.
17. Water may run here.
18. Steps soldiers' advance.
20. Cooks the bread.
21. Animal skin.
22. Put away.
23. Soup dish.
24. Not many.
26. To cheat.
27. Work together.
29. A levy.
31. Skill.
32. Vegetable.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 45.



Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 45 is given here with a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed the Crossword try a "Happy X-Word" in "The Evening Show" Friday, 24. £100 First Prize, £25 for runners-up. THREE attempts for your

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.



G. K. (St. Albans).—"It was my first hunt and I flew like an arrow over the obstacle." Was your horse with you?

ANDROMA (Oswestry).—"We have had same servant for thirty years." About a break?

N. (London, N.).—"British work-are too slow." Haven't you ever them tearing up the street?

B. (Redhill).—"I often write poetry please myself and then destroy it." pleases us.

B. (Sheffield).—"A lot of slates blew my roof." You've probably got some ones in your coal-cellar.

M. (Maidenhead).—"Late hours are good for one." But they can be very for two.

L. (Bedford).—"If only I had all money I've spent on silk stockings—" Buy more silk stockings?

J. (Kew).—"Ultimately, smells be broadcast." We are not looking to a nature talk on the pole-cat.

D. (Barking).—"On the whole, mil-laires are an ignorant lot." They only leave much to be desired.

S. (Windsor).—"I had no idea, I sent you my article, that you return it." You had no idea when wrote it.

B. (Dorking).—"A man is known the company he keeps." And a man is discussed by the company she

N. (Sevenoaks).—"My wireless set and shabby, but the reception is perfect." Clarity covers a multitude

K. (Jarrow).—"Two heads are better one." Yes, when you're buying, but not when you've got tooth-

H. (Coombe).—"It's the little that count." Frequently they better than the big men they for.

T. (Ashdown).—"The gale was so that it blew my umbrella inside." Going to have it repaired or wait another gale to put it right?

B. (Inverness).—"We haven't re-ed our Christmas decorations yet." It's time you took the necessary

H. (Burton).—"Why is a car regarded as feminine?" Because will run you down when your back turned.

N. (Highgate).—"She used to work a doll factory, but she's married." She was evidently good at mak-

LL. (East Ham).—"I sent a true they war tale to an evening news-er, but they didn't print it." Per- you omitted the word "Blimey."

B. (Tiverton).—"My wife always lets me to help her with the wash- You might take her down a peg

ICAL STUDENT (Streatham).—"I an American professor has found influenza germ." Let's hope he

J. (Staines).—"The council here to prohibit petrol-filling stations." means that a stranded two-seater would have to rely on a passer-by fill from his cigarette-lighter.

J. (Harwood).—"Included in gym-nium equipment for the House of commons is a stationary bicycle." Very appropriate. Politicians will get no- as usual.

J. P. (Shoreditch).—"I never rise until ten." Are you an ex-heavyweight.

W. A. (Baldock).—"My appetite is not what it was." Well, until beer comes down, our thirst isn't what it will be.

E. P. (Newmarket).—"Punters have had several lucky days lately." Yes, "abandoned through fog."

D. N. (Brigsteer).—"Some fools marry on pity." Other fools marry on a pit-tance.

R. T. (Hull).—"All our family play a musical instrument of some sort." Well, that's better than the saxophone.

K. P. (Somerscales).—"It is scanda-lous how boxers receive such big purses." Particularly when some of them are not worth a guinea a box.

F. M. (Thetford).—"My trousers never crease properly when I put them under my mattress." You must be a light sleeper.

HISTORIAN (Brandon).—"The ancient Britons of long ago painted themselves blue." The ancient Britons of to-day have a far bigger range of colours.

S. T. (Mansfield).—"You notice that the same old jokes come and go." Yes—come into our office and go up the chimney.

D. P. (Hampstead).—"We caught a man at the club dealing with a marked pack of cards." And then you dealt with him!

F. T. (Chertsey).—"Last Friday the wind blew two pound notes out of my hand." So you had a run for your money.

B. Y. (Dalston).—"I saw a film the other day that was just like a tonic. We've also seen some that leave a nasty taste in the mouth.

A. Y. (Carlisle).—"Nothing tries a man's nerves more than the tick, tick, tick of a grandfather clock." What about the tick, tick, tick of a gas-meter?

STUDENT (Dover).—"Skeletons found in France and dating back to prehistoric times have huge jawbones." Our theory is that the Parliamentary system is much older than is generally thought.

FATHER (Southampton).—"Young womanhood is knocking at the door." Well, if it annoys you to get up and let her in, why don't you give her the latchkey?

P. G. (Banff).—"She told me her age years ago." Most women tell that.

S. H. (Ruislip).—"I told my mother-in-law she was no chicken." Then the feathers flew!

E. P. (Herne Hill).—"Wood for making gramophones is kept for thirty years." That's not long enough.

MEXICO (Edinburgh).—"There is enough nicotine in a cigar to kill fifteen mice." But do mice smoke cigars?

Mrs. M. (Perth).—"Some children take great care of their toys." Others allow their fathers to play with them.

H. C. (Teignmouth).—"Police bands are always excellent." They are so used to the beat.

D. B. (Margate).—"Is there any difference between a wife's idea of a new evening gown and her husband's?" Yes; about fifteen guineas.

G. B. (Selkirk).—"Every woman has a perfect vocal organ." But how can an organ be perfect when it has no stops?

G. A. (Deal).—"Beer is an insult to the human constitution." The sort of insult that lots of men swallow, how-ever.

T. B. (Brighouse).—"On our honey-moon we passed through a tunnel three miles long which cost £2,000,000." But it was worth it, wasn't it?

N. T. (Chelsea).—"What is the modern girl coming to?" Slowly but surely to that period of life where she will ask that very same question.

W. G. (Woking).—"Parent Eskimos never punish their children." Perhaps they consider being an Eskimo is punishment enough.

Miss D. (Carlisle).—"When I fell through into the water when skating a man rescued me. Should I now look on him as a friend?" Well, you have certainly broken the ice.

E. H. (Kensington).—"An eminent doctor is going to write a book on 'Why We Misbehave.'" Practically every modern novelist has written one on How.

Miss F. M. (Richmond).—"I'm simply dying to go on the stage." A place in the chorus would pay you better. We have twenty cheques from £350 to £10 awaiting applicants. Use coupons on page 35.

V. C. (Leeds).—"When I refused to buy my wife a new frock she said she would never speak to me again." How like a woman. When everything else fails she tries bribery.

F. K. (Lambeth).—"Have we not reached the limit in size for small cars?" Well, if they get much smaller they will certainly have to hunt pedes-trians in packs.

W. T. (Kew).—"I have invented an earthquake detector that goes off like an alarm clock." Now if you could only make an alarm clock that would go off like an earthquake it might be of some use.

T. B. (Torquay).—"A novelist says that in fifty years the skirt will have completely disappeared as an article of women's apparel." Will it take so long to go the little that remains of the jour-nev?

D. L. (Rhyll).—"The housing problem may soon blow over." More likely those new houses will.

MAGGIE (Arbroath).—"What is better than a wife who can keep herself smart?" A wife who can keep herself.

E. W. (Dorking).—"What would you do with noisy motorists?" We would make them go quietly.

SAM (Loughborough).—"I am going in for a loud-speaker." Church or registry-office?

T. B. (Greenock).—"Many weeds are injurious to man." Particularly widow's weeds.

G. D. (Clapham).—"Crossword puzzles, they say, are increasing women's vocabularies." On to Newcastle with the coals!

D. W. (Goole).—"The old-fashioned corsets were dangerous." Certainly. Many a man's arm was pierced by whalebone.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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BALANCED
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UNIT . . .

21"

A balanced armature movement of great sensi-tivity able to handle consider-able volume and reproduce with high efficiency all audio frequen-cies. Adaptor plate to fit varied chassis types, and fitted with terminals for three alternative values of impedance. Gives splen-did results in combination with any valve set, and can be used with pentode valve without special transformer.

Graham Amplion Ltd., 25-26, Savile Row, London, W.1
Works: Slough.

Side-Slips

Examples of genuine uncondemned humour from the current Press are wel-come. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

LAMORGAN GAZETTE:—"Defendants pled guilty to taking coal FROM AN TY TRUCK."

OTTINGHAMSHIRE GUARDIAN:—"Mr. remained quiet and still, having ak his tea in almost one draught PUT IT ON THE FLOOR."

ADVENTURE:—"The prints of a d, with the FIVE FINGERS and the na clearly marked, showed up on bone handle."

MYL LEADER:—"A pair of pince-nez glasses, in case, found near Pier gl. FINDER may receive same on ap-plication."

THE BLACK SKULL (Sexton Blake story):—"He said NOTHING, however, entered into the GENERAL CONVERSA-

FOOTBALL ECHO:—"Attar kicked the ball as it FLEW OVER the bar."

LIVERPOOL DAILY COURIER:—"FRE-quent train service. . . . Two TRAINS EACH WAY EVERY DAY."

SHORT STORIES:—"He tore off a great hunk of meat and SWALLOWED IT WHOLE. For a 2 1/2 minute he MUNCHED IN SILENCE."

GIBBS' SEED CATALOGUE:—"I ex-hibited PARSNIPS six times last season, grown from your GIANT MARROW SEED."

POPPY'S PAPER:—"The limousine loomed into her range of vision, with a mad WHIPPING OF BRAKES and SCREAM-ING OF TYRES."



NOTES GALORE FROM 'BULLETS' CHORUS!

*Splendid
One-week
Program*

*Twenty
Star
Items*



25 PRIZES OF £1 50 PRIZES OF 10/- INCREASED FIRST PRIZE 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

TWENTY BIG CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK!

REACH that top note in the key of L.S.d. this week and you will profit to the tune of £350! Even if you miss it you may be worth a place in the *Bullets* chorus, with anything from £10 to £50 for a song.

Those competitors who look forward to our graded prize-lists will be their element this week, for as many as twenty big cheques, including an increased First Prize, must all be won at once in this quick-result contest, closing on Saturday, January 25.

Simply choose one of the *Examples* given on this page and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* PAYING TOLL, the addition of the words "CROSSING MONEYLENDER'S PATH" makes a complete *Bullet*.

N.B.—May we remind you that commencing with the result of *Bullets* No. 743, all prizes, including "Targets," will bring details of the successful *Bullet*? This will help you to win.

PHRASING WINS

REVITY is the soul of wit—but sometimes an economy of words help to drive home a serious message more forcibly than the longest mon.

The truth of this is seen in the *Bullet* TAKES SENSES—TAKE SENSIBLY, which was the work of Mr. R. Matthews, 9, Dongill Street, Bolton, and won for him the Fourth Prize of £150 in Competition No. 741.

After competing in *Bullets* occasionally for about two years, winning "Targets" and small cash successes, Mr. Matthews fully realised that was on the high-road to better things, and he has now demonstrated you how ingenious phrasing of a commonplace idea may bring you a big *Bullets* prize.

The result of Competition No. 742 ("Bullets" Christmas Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, January 23rd.

BULLETIN TRIBUTES

THE third issue of the bigger and brighter "*Bullets Bulletin*" is available this week.

Letters of appreciation from delighted "*Bulleeteers*" are pouring in. "Extraordinary to think we ever got on without it"; "Congratulations on 1930 *Bulletin*—what a bonny boy!" "It is increasing my knowledge of *Bullet*-making," are some of the comments.

"*Bullets*" *Bulletin* is packed full of interesting and instructive matter weekly, and a specimen copy may be obtained by sending a halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. You will immediately want to order a series, which may be obtained for cost of postage as follows:—

12 issues P.O. 6d. 36 issues P.O. 1/6 24 " 1/- 48 " 2/-

Postal orders must be crossed "& Co." and payable to JOHN BULL. Address: *Bulletin* Department, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 745

LET'S GET TO WORK AND
HER WEDDING
PINPRICKS
WAITING IN VAIN
PATH OF ADVENTURE
PAYING TOLL
HEARD AT THE HOTEL
TRAGIC END
WE'LL SWALLOW A LOT, BUT
PURPOSELY
SWIFT AND SURE

WHEN SHADOWS FALL
IF SHE'D ONLY STOP
WORTH TAKING
REMINDS ME
TO THE FUTURE
UNEMPLOYED'S WIFE
GOVERNING
ASHES OF DEFEAT
OUTSIDE THE RING
FIGHTING THE FLOOD
HE PLAYS GOLF, SO

IN LIFE'S COMPETITION
MR. HIGHBROW
THE COAL BILL
THE FUN BEGAN WHEN
A REBUFF
IF FINDINGS WERE KEEPING
GUARANTEED
PARSON'S ADVICE
MAGIC WORDS
"MURDER!"

Example Bullet	Closing SAT. Jan. 25.
Example Bullet	
(745) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.	Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately.

Example Bullet	Closing SAT. Jan. 25.
Example Bullet	
(745) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.	Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example Bullet	Closing SAT. Jan. 25.
Example Bullet	
(745) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example Bullet	Closing SAT. Jan. 25.
Example Bullet	
(745) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.	Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entries: "Bullets" No. 745 "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for 25, 22 and 21 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 745 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

The First Prize will be awarded for what the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the being cleverness, aptness and originality.

The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by competent staff of qualified judges. Only two attempts may be written on a coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon for use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be fully noted on each coupon submitted.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Advance details for "Bullets" Competition No. 746

First Prize, £500—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—20 Novel Big Prizes, value £16 16s. each—25 Prizes of £1—50 Prizes of 10/-—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Targets."

Bank Of England—What The War Did—Never Fails—The Years Go By And—Wealthy Woman—Flood Of Work—Watching—By The Way—Our Financiers—Life Would Be Easy If—Please, Mr. Snowden—Work Well Done—In The Rough—He's Got No Brains, But—Human Clay—Swollen—Said Too Often—Honest Opinion—Aroused Suspicion—Safe For Children—Worth A Million—Hard Nut To Crack—Deceptive—Light Of Truth—Easier—Her Home—"Thank Heavens!"—A Rebuff—Stirring Up Trouble—When The Time Comes—Remembering His Promise—Man With A Job.

(Closing Saturday, February 1.)

The original cheque for 1,500 Guineas awarded to the First Prize winner in Competition No. 741 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Farrow, 14, Dorsetwater Road, Colchester.

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Boiler Making
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Marine Eng. S.O.T.
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Metallurgy
Motor Engineering
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Post Office Examinations
Costing and Estimating
Builders' Quantities
Road Making and Maintenance

TECHNICAL—Con.

Sanitation
Shipbuilding
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Levelling
Surveyors of Works, R.E.
Telegraphy and Telephone
Town Planning
Transport A.M.Inst.T.
Wireless Telegraphy
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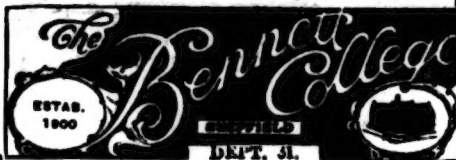
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Dept. 31, SHEFFIELD.



£550 AWARDED

in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 44.

No correct solution of Crossword No. 44 was received. Solutions containing one error only were received from the following: two competitors who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will each receive a cheque for £250.

G. Barron, Brile Vnr, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham.
H. Ellerscamp, 41, Balgovan Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Solutions containing two errors only were received from the following 59 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving 17s. 6d.:

Allan, Miss G., 27, Shaw Road, W.3.
Blasdon, Mrs. E., Colnage Hall St., Helston, Cornwall.
Bass, Miss A., 52, Belgrave Road, Plaistow, E.
Bersford, W., 61, Natal Road, Ilford, Essex.
Bland, J. A., Married Qrs., 16, Camp 21, Larkhill, Wilts.
Buist, H., 35, Broughton Street, Edinburgh.
Butt, Miss G., Vigo House, Goudhurst, Kent.
Campbell, Mrs. B., 57, Lind Street, Liverpool.
Candlin, C. H., Quartermile Road, Goldalming.
Cartmill, R., 113, Canal Street, Newry, Co. Down.
Cobley, Mrs., Clifton, Market Harborough.
Dent, Miss, 34, Bow Lane, Preston.
Dransfield, Mrs. W., Wharnton Vale, Greenfield, Nr. Oldham.
Drew, S. J., 97, Bridge Road, Willesden, N.W.10.
Drury, Miss M., Jordan House, Little Bowden, Market Harborough.
Duncan, Miss I., The School, Goudhurst, Kent.
Ellis, Mrs. C., 2, Station Rd., Grafham, Huntingdon.
Gooch, Mrs. E., 12, Cotton Lane, Bury St. Edmunds.
Guy, Mrs., 14, Toronto Street, Belfast.
Hammer, F., 24, Ormrod St., Bradshaw Nr. Bolton.
Hollman, J., 26, Warner Rd., Walthamstow, E.17.
Holden, Mrs. S., 345, Wigan Road, Leigh, Lancs.
Hopkins, Mrs., Tytherley, Woking Rd., Guildford, Surrey.
Horne, R., 42, Wrekenton Row, Gateshead.
Jacques, Mrs., Dixie Street, Jacksdale, Notts.
Johnson, A., 11, Warton Ave., Brierley, Bradford.
Jones, R., 25, Piercefield Place, Cardiff.
Jordan, W., 13, Alma Road, E.2.
Jull, F., 162, Stewarts Road, Clapham, S.W.8.
Keele, Mrs. T., 1, Charles St., Abertyswg, Mon.
Lewis, Mrs. J., 27, Oak Street, Gilfach Goch, Bridgend.

Lightfoot, Miss A. J., 4, Airdale Mansions, Chiswick, W.4.
McPherson, A., 1, Redcar Street, Middlesbrough.
Mill, Mrs. A., 41, Thingwall Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
Millar, M.-s M., 37, Russell St., Falkirk, N.B.
Morgan, S. W., 111, Abbots Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware.
Pickles, R., 17, Portland Street, Southport.
Pollard, Mrs. A. E., 28, Sambourne Road, Warminster, Wilts.
Pugh, A. T., 35, Victoria Road, Netley Abbey, Hants.
Pearce, J., Barrowby, Grantham, Lincs.
Pilkerton, H., 56, Festing Road, Putney, S.W.15.
Priestley, M., 3, Middleholme Lane, Sutton-on-Trent, Newark, Notts.
Rees, A., 31, Ducie Street, Whitefield, Nr. Manchester.
Robson, Mrs., Retiro, Browdown, Lee-on-Solent.
Sanderson, W., 123, Elmswood Rd., Birkenhead.
Scott, Mrs. A. L., 108, Flixton Road, Urmston, Manchester.
Scott, G. B., 16, Leyden Gardens, Glasgow, N.W.1.
Shield, Miss M., 324, Manchester Road, Bolton.
Shove, C., 21, Brook Rd., Bitterne, Southampton.
Smallwood, L. J., 35, Carlton Ave., Kenton, Middx.
Smith, S. J., 65, Polden St., Bridgwater, Som.
Stenson, 120, Spyvee St., Hull.
Taggart, Miss M., 18, Springbourne Rd., Liverpool, S.
Weston, V., 4, Shrubberies, Provident St., Derby.
Willers, F., 168, Todmorden Rd., Burnley, Lancs.
Williams, E. J., 1, Gillingham Street, S.W.
Wilson, Miss A., 4, Airdale Mansions, Chiswick, W.4.
Wilson, Miss E., 33, Essex Road, Lowestoft.
Young, M.-s C., 13, Vicarage Terrace, Cwmpark, Treorchy.

Another £500 X-Word appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

INDIGESTION YIELDS TO CICFA BECAUSE

- (1) it supplies the right ferments
- (2) at the right time
- (3) in the right place

It is a popular fallacy that digestion takes place only in the Stomach. Actually, digestion begins in the mouth with the action of the saliva on the food; it is continued in the Stomach by the action of the digestive juices and completed in the Bowel. Albuminous foods, such as meat, eggs, etc., are digested in the Stomach. Starchy foods, such as bread, potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., are digested in the Bowel.

block the passage, causing Constipation, with its attendant misery and embarrassment. The Blood Circulation is affected, Fermentation continues, and Acids and impurities find their way to the liver. Thus the "liverish" symptoms complained of are really caused by Bowel Indigestion. The blood becomes impure, affecting the joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.



If the PAIN
IS HERE

If the PAIN
IS HERE

your trouble is Stomach Indigestion, and the symptoms are:

GASES IN STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEAD-ACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left shoulder blade.

Read the following remarkable tribute to the efficacy of Cicfa.

"To Cicfa Coy.—Will you please let me have samples of your Cicfa to distribute among my patients? Myself and family have used them for years and are never without them. I am continually praising them and recommending them to my friends. You may use my letter as a testimonial. Wishing you every success.

Yours gratefully,

(signed)

NURSE P. SQUIRE."

It is obvious that incomplete digestion at any stage must upset digestion further down the tract. Failure in the supply of digestive juices in the Stomach causes Acidity and distressing fermentation. The fermenting food, entering the lower part of the alimentary tract, makes trouble there. As the food is passed along it is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "starch balls," which

block the passage, causing Constipation, with its attendant misery and embarrassment. The Blood Circulation is affected, Fermentation continues, and Acids and impurities find their way to the liver. Thus the "liverish" symptoms complained of are really caused by Bowel Indigestion. The blood becomes impure, affecting the joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

CICFA restores digestion throughout the entire alimentary tract (i.e. the whole of the digestive system).

BECAUSE IT SUPPLIES THE NECESSARY DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. It is because Cicfa aids digestion in a natural way that its effect is lasting. Purgatives—rhubarb, ginger, soda, etc.—may give relief for a short time, but are often followed by even more acute Indigestion.

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PRICE 1/8 and 3/-.

TEST CICFA FREE

Send your name and address with this Coupon and a 1d. Stamp for postage, and receive a liberal Sample of this wonderful

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Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

JOHN BULL 18/1/30.

(See Page 27)

BOLSOM BROS. ANNUAL SALE

Readers should make certain of the Best Bargains by writing immediately to Bolsom Bros. (1926), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 157/8 Strand, London, W.C.2, mentioning "John Bull," or call early at any of their Branches.

(See Page 27)